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# THE MIRROR

VOL. X

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1900.

NO. 24

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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### THE MIRROR IN PARIS.

American visitors in Paris will find THE MIRROR on sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera.

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### NEGRO AND FILIPINO.

NEGROES in the North are urged to vote against the enslavement of the Filipinos by the McKinley Administration. That is rich, decidedly rich. How does the Democracy give the negro self-government in the South? By depriving him of the right to vote, by tortuous constitutional amendments in the various States. Lynch law is what the Southern negro gets as a substitute for trial by jury. The "consent of the governed" in the case of the negro in the South is a vast farce. The South dominates the Democracy, and the Democracy raves against the bare possibility of our treating the Filipino with the thousandth part of the lack of consideration the South shows for the negro. If the South can hold negroes as subjects, not citizens, in Mississippi, Louisiana and the Carolinas, the United States may surely do the same in the case of Filipinos, unfit to be citizens. The Democracy should keep quiet on the subject of "consent of the governed." The records stultify the party most egregiously on that question.

### REFLECTIONS.

#### The Gold Democrats

AS to the question of expansion or imperialism between the two great parties in this country the truth seems to be this. The Democrats forced the Administration into a war with Spain. Now the Democrats are opposed to the results of that war. Mr. Bryan favored the ratification of the Treaty of Paris. Now he runs on a platform opposing the results of that treaty in the Philippines. This is a combination of inconsistency hard to beat. On the other hand, Mr. McKinley, at one time, favored free trade for Porto Rico, but the contributing protected industries objected and the President performed an "about face" on the subject and the Porto Rican tariff law was passed. The Republican tariff policy towards the new possessions is such that it can only result in the commercial exploitation of the islands for the benefit of the great consolidations of capital. What the so-called Trusts can control in the "colonies" will be utilized in the American market. Cheap labor will enable them to make a bigger profit by adding the tariff to the cost of the goods to the American consumer. Filipino goods, made at 6 cents per day, will be put upon the American market at the same price as American made or grown articles produced by workmen at from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day. The greater part of the tariff will go into the pockets of the protected industries. Whatever products of the islands the protected industries may not be able to control will be kept out of this country by the tariff. A tariff against the people of a territory under the American flag is as absurd an anomaly as would be a tariff in Missouri against Illinois, or in New York against Pennsylvania. No old-line Democrat, believing in a tariff for revenue only, can support the present Administration's policy of setting up tariffs between one part of the United States territory and another. Expansion means nothing if it does not mean free trade, if it does not mean that the products of the new possessions shall be cheaper to the citizens of this country than they were before the islands became our possessions. American control of the islands is a mockery if it insists upon putting barriers in the way of trade between the people of the islands and this country. A tariff against the possessions treats the natives as foreigners, while we insist upon their rendering allegiance to this country. The only excuse for the tariff is the claim that it and a general prohibition of emigration from the islands to this country will prevent the island peoples from entering into competition with the United States workman and lowering his wages. But the excuse is bogus, for, even with a tariff, the interests which may control the islands can use the products of the island cheap labor to lower wages here. The higher the tariff against the islands, the greater the injustice to the islanders as "subjects" of the United States, also the greater the profit to those United States syndicates which may succeed in capturing the best things in the island and working them with cheap labor. The Republican party promises to prevent competition between island labor and the American workman, but this prevention is based upon the general principle of protection which makes the American workman buy in the dearest market. Expansion under Mr. McKinley means protection carried to the extreme against our own territories. If there be anything in the old Democratic cry against Protection, all the old time Democracy must feel that the Administration's policy is as bad as free silver. The old-time Democrat must believe that protection and free silver are the same in principle and that expansionist protection is the worst form of that creed. The new Democracy's opposition to protectionist expansion is satisfactory, so far as it

goes, but the Kansas City Democratic Convention has shaped the issue so that there is no distinction made between imperialism and the sort of expansion that means free trade. The true Democrat must favor expansion if he favors free trade. The trouble with the new Democracy is that it does not insist upon the Democratic idea, but puts itself on record as against the natural consequences, generally, of the war and the treaty. A Democrat of the old school may believe in holding what we've got by war, and yet not favor the policy outlined in the Porto Rico tariff bill. The true Democrat, as he was before infected with Populism, cannot support Mr. McKinley's idea of expansion and cannot support Mr. Bryan's idea that the McKinley protection idea shall apply to silver. The gold Democrats, as a rule, are opposed to the Porto Rican policy, but they are not opposed to keeping the islands that were ceded to us by Spain. They accept the results of the war, as facts accomplished. But they oppose the syndicate scheme of government. They are not in favor of using the "colonies" to put higher protective tariffs on the people of the United States, and they are not in favor of the "policy of scuttle." Between protectionist expansion which, for lack of a better term, may be called imperialism and protectionist silverism, the gold Democrats have no choice. Mr. Bryan's opposition to imperialism goes too far in its rejection of the results of the war his party precipitated. Mr. McKinley's policy of government for the islands is too much inclined to turn the islands over to syndicate government. To the gold Democrat who loves consistency, the Philippine policy of neither party, so far as that policy may be discoverable, is acceptable. The tariff policy of the Republican party to-day is as nefarious, to his thinking, as it was in 1892 and before that, if not more so, when applied to expansion. And silver remains, to-day, as dangerous as it was in 1896. The men who were gold Democrats in 1896 are as much, if not more, out of touch with the Republican platform of this year as they were then. They are more out of sympathy with the Kansas City platform than they were with the Chicago platform. They cannot vote for either of the candidates of the great parties, without swallowing doctrines that are offensive in the extreme to their conception of Democracy. They should have a platform and ticket of their own, that they may register emphatically their adherence to the Democratic doctrine as of old and their refusal to accept Republicanism in its most extreme form as better than Mr. Bryan's Populism.

#### Are St. Louisans "Dead Ones?"

THE MIRROR has been pounding away for months upon the necessity of municipal reform in St. Louis. Every day the newspapers contain new evidence that reform is demanded. It is only by apparent chance that the fund for the new City Hospital has been spared from application to other purposes. It was only the other day that a proposal was made to sell the old City Hall for half its value to a citizen who, it was supposed, would agree to hold the property as security for the value of property taken from him to widen Twelfth Street. The weekly meetings of the Ways and Means committees of the House and Council have had but one result, the discovery that the city has not funds sufficient for any public work. We cannot build a new City Hospital, Female Hospital or Poor House, though all the present institutions are notoriously unsafe and overcrowded. We cannot go into street improvement, alley extension, sewer extension. There is not sufficient money to keep the park system in operation and the parks in presentable condition. There is, practically, no money for anything that should be done, or for the things that must be done, if the city is to make a creditable showing during the period of the World's Fair. The Republican papers say that the city is "broke" chiefly because the



Democrats in the State Legislature increased the police force and increased the police pay without regard to the financial condition of the city and gave the Police Department, in effect, a first lien upon whatever appropriable funds there may be in the City Treasury. The police force, a State Democratic machine, run openly and notoriously as such, has emptied the cash box. The money is taken out of the treasury by the votes of the rural legislators knowing and caring nothing for the needs of the city. The city is ruled by the rural legislators. They have to be consulted if the city wishes to borrow money. The city cannot act independently of bucolic Missouri to incur a debt necessary to its improvement or to raise taxes for public work. The city of St. Louis is ignorant of the blessing of Home Rule, in the matter of incurring indebtedness which the citizens of St. Louis must pay. The City of St. Louis being, generally speaking, Republican, and the State at large being Democratic, any proposition which seems likely to give the expenditure of money to the Republicans of St. Louis is frowned down by the State. The consequence is, that the Democratic Legislature exerts itself, principally, to the end of framing laws whereby the money of the St. Louis treasury may be turned into the hands of members of the State Democratic machine. It does not go into any work for the improvement of St. Louis. On the other side of the question, is the fact that the City of St. Louis does business under a fossil Charter supposed to make it a free city. Every good feature of the Charter that was designed to make the city independent of the State has been wiped out by court decisions or otherwise rendered ineffective, and every bad feature of the Charter, preventive of expansion and improvement, has been allowed to remain. The Charter was a job put up by wealthy taxpayers to prevent the increase of their taxes. It was so carefully drawn to this end that it has served to keep the city back for years and to prevent the march of public improvement. In the long run, it has added taxes to property, and has chiefly punished the property-holding descendants of the framers of the document. Improvements cost money. Money cannot be expended in large quantities commensurate with the needs of the growing city without Charter amendment, and Charter amendment must be submitted to a vote of all the people for approval. The natural result is that the people vote against taxes. The city cannot pay for street improvement without authority from all the people, and so most of the street improvement done in recent years has been done at the expense of the owners of property or it would not have been done at all. The Charter of St. Louis puts the city, in the matter of extensive public improvement, at the mercy of the least progressive citizens of the place. It puts all the burdens on a few progressive people. Nothing can be proposed in the way of public taxation and expenditure, that the State Constitution happens to permit, that the Charter does not prohibit. The Charter of St. Louis has operated on St. Louis like foot-binding operates on Chinese women. It has hobbled the city in every matter in which the city ought not to have been hobbled, and it has been ineffective as a preventive of foolish, unnecessary and arbitrary State interference with municipal government. St. Louis' charter was supposed to make the city "a free city." Its effect has been to make it a slave city—a slave to the hostile State Legislature, and a slave to the most unprogressive elements in the municipality. Add to all this the fact that of late years the Republican administration of the city has been atrociously, not to say diabolically, extravagant and incompetent, and we have the complete explanation of the condition of St. Louis. It has been difficult to raise money. But the money raised has not been well expended. Public work has decreased in quantity. The pay-roll of useless city employes has been swollen to enormous sums. The citizens of St. Louis have elected men to office, and those men have treated them no better than the men foisted on the city by the Democratic Legislature. The city never was in so bad a condition. It never had so much money for the maintenance of the streets, alleys, sewers, city institutions generally, when they were much better maintained.

Politics of the Democratic sort in the State, and vile Republican politics in the city, have depleted the city's funds. Conservatism has shrunk from issuing bonds for public work, and the wastefulness of politicians in handling public funds has intensified conservatism. The city has become so conservative that it failed three times to authorize a small tax for the erection of a public library. There is even now a strong undercurrent of opposition to voting bonds for a World's Fair. The Board of Public Improvements is almost mobbed when it proposes street improvement in any quarter. The greater part of public improvement has been done in sections wherein citizens went down into their own pockets and agreed to pay for the cost of improvement in excess of 25 per cent of the assessed valuation of the property. The city has been paralyzed as a city, and the citizens have been gradually led to oppose rather than to favor public work when it came to meeting the cost of it. The time has come when St. Louis must change all this. If a change be not made, the World's Fair will be held in a city which, in many places, is in a state of disrepair, or like a sink-hole. There is only one way to bring about the change. That is, to organize the citizens in such a way as to assure to them the proper expenditure of whatever extraordinary appropriations may be necessary to make the city a beautiful World's Fair location. Assure St. Louisans of honest and efficient men in office and the people will vote them the money necessary to improve the city. The State Constitution must be changed, the Charter must be changed, but, above all, the character of the men in office must be changed. The city must be administered with a view to making the city itself the most striking feature of the World's Fair. It will not be so administered either by the State Democratic gang or the City Republican gang, if we are to judge by experience of the sort of administration the gangs have given us both alternately and simultaneously in the past. The gangs must be put out of power during the next four years in St. Louis. The credit of the city, its appearance before the world, and its reputation for culture and progress and civilization, demand that the city government be turned over into the hands of men who will do something for the city. We shall not have better streets, better alleys, better sewers, better water, better light, better charitable institutions, better buildings generally, until we have better men in office. We shall not have better men in office until citizens generally come to see, with the MIRROR, that better government, bringing all the other betterments mentioned, means better prices for property, better rents and leases, lower insurance rates, higher wages for workingmen, more expenditure with merchants and manufacturers and, in brief, money in everybody's pocket. Self-interest demands that all citizens unite for reform in St. Louis' government. Such self-interest is the foundation, in the last analysis, of civic pride. If St. Louisans cannot see their self-interest in reform, then they are indeed, as the funny paragraphers of the papers of other cities have intimated, an unfortuitous aggregation of "dead ones."

#### Aberration and the Male Climacteric

A DISTINGUISHED physician of the Isle of Wight claims to have satisfied himself, at least, that there is a very good reason why men of years over fifty-five should not be permitted to occupy positions on the exact and unerring fulfilment of the duties of which the safety of lives of others depends. He would have no men between 55 and 62 in positions of railway engineers or ship engineers or in any other place where the momentary forgetfulness of some minor detail of duty or action might result in disaster. Readers will recall the fact that, not long ago, a great ship went ashore on the English coast on rocks of which the officer, whose duty it was to avoid such rocks, was perfectly aware. The man simply could not explain how he had miscalculated the vessel's position and course. He knew the exact thing to do, but he did not do it. He forgot. That was all he could say. Readers will also recall numerous cases in which locomotive engineers have been unable to explain why they ignored perfectly patent precautions

and matters plainly observed thus causing disastrous wrecks. They admit seeing signals and ignoring them. They admit having perfect knowledge of instructions and, notwithstanding the fact of the instructions being in their minds, doing the exact opposite. Such men have been, time and again, held by coroner's juries, on their own statements, that they absolutely forget the very thing that they had most on their minds. This peculiar condition of mind has been called aberration, but it has never been explained in any intelligent manner, other than by a suggestion that the very strain of intently remembering such things as must be remembered in such positions operates to produce, at times, sudden paralysis of volition, when volition should be impelled from the memory and observation. They don't pull the lever or reverse brakes or stop at a station when they know they should. They fail to act until it is too late, when they come out of a momentary trance in the shock of the disaster their lapse has caused. The Isle of Wight physician has written a letter to a London paper in which he asserts that one reason for these, otherwise imperfectly accounted for, aberrations is, that men, like women, pass through a period of climacteric—men later than women by about ten years—at and during which time the equal exercise of full and complete powers of observation is often in temporary abeyance. A great London physician, during the interval of age between fifty-five and sixty-two years, found himself completely unable to depend "not on his observation, but on his application of it." He remembers he had noted a particular physical sign, for instance, in a chest he was examining, but he failed to remember its due weight when he came to give his opinion on the case, and when reminded of it said, "O yes, of course," and then amended his judgment by its light. Contractors have been known to lose thousands of dollars through neglect to figure upon some part of work absolutely necessary. Such aberrations may be harmless when there are those near the aberrant to correct the application of his observation, but to an engineer that second of clouded intelligence may be supreme and irrecoverable; that interval of "blank" can never possibly be atoned for. The physician who writes the letter prompting this article does not think that the influence of the male climacteric is quite sufficiently realized in the production of what we call aberration. The condition is not so much "deviation from the right way" as a sort of blank, not as to recording an impression, but as to applying it. In middle life, surely, he suggests it is no uncommon occurrence for men to know things well and yet not realize them. The theory of this doctor is one which would result, if practically applied, a greater shouldering out of old men from important positions than the world has ever known. It would play havoc with veterans in the transportation department of railways and in the command and navigation of ships. Some such aberration, it will be remembered, was urged to excuse the commander of H. M. S. *Victoria* sunk in an absolutely insane manœuvre off the Coast of Algiers some years ago. But the present writer believes that such aberration is not confined to men of years so advanced as 55. Young men in the telegraph departments of roads have sent trains crashing into each other when they had, but a few minutes before, been told, over the wire, to hold one train or another at their station. The sudden forgetting of the thing that is most important in the world for the very moment of it forgetting is not confined to men in the years of climacteric. That there is a male climacteric the medical profession admits, but it is doubtful if the higher authorities in medicine admit that the climacteric period in men results in any such temporary abeyance of power of the faculties of judgment and action as is manifest in the case of women in the climacteric. If the Isle of Wight physician be right, the "shelving" of middle-aged men will doubtless proceed apace, and there will be less complaint of the lack of opportunity for young men, for if the condition is dangerous in men at the throttle of locomotives or at the telegraph key or the switch, it must be equally dangerous in the men in administrative or executive positions. Off hand, one



would say that older men in positions do not seem to confirm the climacteric theory herein advanced. Railroad accidents do not mostly happen under old engineers or as a result of aberration in telegraphers of long service. When one does happen to a train in charge of "one of the oldest and most reliable men on the road" much is made of the fact, because of its inexplicability, just as great ado is made of the Sunday school teacher who "goes astray," while there is little comment on the "stray sheep" who were not Sunday school teachers. This subject of the male climacteric should be one to interest physicians and psychologists and the great corporations into whose care thousands daily entrust their lives. It has a sociological bearing, too, in its hint of the wisdom of an earlier retirement from service of men in positions that are responsible for life and limb. If a man at 55, in spite of all his experience of and habituation to duties, is dangerous because of physical changes that may at any moment cloud his mind and precipitate disaster, the period of man's usefulness is diminished and the beginning of old age is fixed at a time which we have been used to regard as that of middle life and fullest power. The subject of sudden aberration of the sort here dealt with should receive earnest attention from all who are interested in the safety of travel and in the economic feature of competition between young and old in "the struggle for existence."

#### Mr. McCann's Mistaken Martyrdom

MR. JOHN J. McCANN, a St. Louis lawyer and real estate agent, is in the city workhouse because he refuses to pay a license for conducting a real estate business. He claims the license is a tax on his ability and, as such, illegal, but the burden of his complaint is that he should be compelled to pay the tax, or work it out, under duress, while the great franchise-owners and corporations generally pay no taxes, comparatively speaking, for their use of public property. Mr. McCann is a good man. He has been instrumental in increasing the city's revenue by a crusade against tax-dodgers. He is, in a way, a "martyr." But in another way Mr. McCann is all wrong, and if he be a martyr, he is one to a false idea. The law is the law. The Supreme Court has decided that the licensing of certain businesses is legal, and the first duty of every citizen is to obey the law. The proposition that the individual may set his personal opinion above the decisions of the duly constituted courts of his city and State is one that will not bear analysis. Mr. McCann should pay his license. By accepting incarceration in the Workhouse in preference to paying his fine, he may demonstrate the force of his convictions, but he does not accomplish much else. By refusing to pay what the Courts have decided to be a legal imposition by the city, Mr. McCann does not contribute in the least to the end of making the franchise-owning corporations pay their taxes. By making himself an object-lesson on the subject of the greater burden of taxation being laid upon the poor, he does not suggest any way to make the corporations pay. If taxes should be paid by corporations, they should be paid by Mr. McCann, also, when the law decides them to be just. Mr. McCann dodges into the workhouse to evade payment of a license which he calls a tax. He is a tax-dodger, just as, he alleges, the corporations are. The question of the city's right to levy a license upon certain businesses has been decided affirmatively so often that it is too late now to reopen the discussion. Any tax is, in the long run, a tax upon ability. Any license is a license upon ability. A tax upon franchises is a tax upon the ability to make the franchises valuable. Mr. McCann's real estate license is as legal as a butcher-shop license. It is as justifiable as a vehicle license or a dog license or any such tax. The courts have decided that the levying of such licenses comes within the general scope of the police powers of the community. Mr. McCann's endeavor to bring the law into disrepute is only slightly less reprehensible than would be the endeavors of corporation lawyers to evade payment of taxes by resort to legal technicalities of various sorts. Mr. McCann's idea apparently is that his abilities should not be taxed, that he should not be compelled to pay a

price for the privilege or using the powers with which he has been endowed by the Creator, but that other people with more money should be so taxed and compelled to pay. In this, manifestly, he is wrong. If the men with more money do not pay, the fault is with the administration of the law, rather than with the law itself. The burden of taxation should rest on all the people. Mr. McCann, apparently, would put all the burden upon the people of the greatest ability by taxing the successful almost exclusively. If every tax be a tax on ability, as it must be, in one way or another, Mr. McCann is not a "martyr." If the corporations do not pay their taxes, that is no reason why Mr. McCann should not. The courts have said the tax upon him was justly levied, and as a law-abiding citizen he should pay it. Under such circumstances corporations pay. Mr. McCann's case may call attention to the inequalities of administration of the law, but it does not show the law itself is wrong. If his martyrdom have any merit at all, it is that it shows that proceedings may be brought against, and punishment inflicted on wealthy tax-dodgers as on poor ones. This may not be exactly what Mr. McCann wanted, for his idea seems to be that the tax to which he objects was fastened upon him by privilege holders, and therefore he ought not to pay at all. The tax is not fastened upon him by privilege holders. The courts say that the tax is for the benefit of the public, of which he is a part. Mr. McCann says he is greater and wiser than the courts. That is just what he complains of concerning the corporations. Refusal to obey the law of the land is no more commendable in an individual than in a corporation. Mr. McCann's heroics may be honest, but they are mistaken. If every one were to set himself up as entitled to override the authority of the courts, as Mr. McCann does, in effect, the result would be anarchy.

#### The Belgian Hare

MISSOURI farmers will be wise to pay no attention to the Belgian hare "boom" being worked up in certain of the big dailies of St. Louis and Kansas City. The hares may be nice pets and choice food, but they are certain to develop into a plague, owing to the almost inconceivable rapidity of their multiplication. They have become almost as great a pest in certain far Western States as are the rabbits in Australia, and the cost of exterminating them has already proved a greater burden upon the farmer than can ever be balanced by returns from the sale of their carcasses as food-meat or of their hides for fine leather. Wherever the hares have been taken up for profit they have proved a losing fad. The new enterprise of which we hear so much should be discouraged by all true friends of the farmer.

#### Settle the Strike

SETTLE the street car strike! It has already done St. Louis enough harm to satisfy both sides of the controversy. In at least two cases, with which the editor of the MIRROR is familiar, the local labor disturbances have stood in the way of large investments in this city. In New York and Boston certain financiers, a short time ago, were prepared to put millions into St. Louis enterprises, but they "backed out" on the claim that the strike incidents in St. Louis showed that there was no security here for vested interests. Of course the statement that there is no security here for vested interests is false, but the impression has gone abroad, and as the strike continues, with sporadic cases of dynamiting whenever the public shows a tendency to patronize the cars, and as these dynamite incidents are reported in the papers in other cities, the conviction that lawlessness is still rampant here persists. There will be no chance to get outside capital into this city, until the announcement is made that the strike is over. Furthermore, there are thousands of people who will not visit St. Louis for pleasure or business until the strike is ended. Men will not allow their wives and children to come here, as long as the strike is "on" and dynamiting proceeds. The Transit Company should find some way to reach an understanding with the strikers. Its holding out is costing the concern money and costing the entire city a great deal more money. The

street-car men's Union is ready to arbitrate. It will do no harm for the Transit Company to arbitrate, and if the Union should refuse to abide by the arbitration, even though there be no way to compel it to do so, the influence of public opinion would be unanimously against the prolongation of the strike. Arbitration would be a good thing if for no other reason than that it would result in something like a judicial verdict upon the strike. Everybody knows the strike is injuring the city in every conceivable way and everybody is beginning to feel that the Transit Company is wrong in refusing to co-operate in every movement looking to the ending of the unpleasant conditions here. The Company may or may not have won. The point is, that until the strike is officially declared "off," to stay "off," St. Louis will be under a cloud. The Union may be able to "hold out," but the longer it holds out the more certain it is that the loss entailed upon other people will come back upon the working people whose contributions support the Union during the strike, and all labor must suffer. The Transit Company cannot smash the Union, for unionism has come to stay. The Union cannot break the Transit Company, for the people generally will not tolerate inconvenience much longer. The money lost by Labor and by the Transit Company is irretrievably lost. It never can be made up. The city and every citizen is poorer as a result of the strike. Therefore, the interests of all should be considered as greater than those of the parties to the controversy. Peace is more desirable than a victory for either side. Industrial warfare is simply destructive. The principle in the matter at issue is the same on both sides. If capital may combine, labor may combine. Both may be tyrannical in some things, right and just in others. The Company may have broken faith with its employees. The Union may have erred in refusing to listen to the Company's last proposition to leave the question of broken faith to the decision of the Union's attorney. Surely, in a city of 700,000 people, there must be one man of sufficiently recognized probity of character to meet an arbitrator from each side of the controversy and decide between the contending claims in such away as to satisfy the majority of the strikers, and the managers of the Company. Or if that be impossible, he could present the matter to the public in such form as to enable it to determine which party has the larger measure of right on its side. Arbitration would give the public the facts. Once in possession of the facts, the public would decide the matter in short order. As long as the issue remains open, the city must suffer in reputation and in business. And the party to the controversy that fails to accept every opportunity to close the incident for good and all is the enemy of every interest in the community. The Transit Company is now protected by the community in its rights. It should manifest some regard for the community's rights. If the community is prejudiced by the knowledge of the methods whereby the Company used legislation to intrench itself in privileges, that is the Company's fault. If the Union has made mistakes it must be prepared to suffer for them. The community has suffered for its mistakes in the matter of selecting representatives who sold out to the Company at Jefferson City and connived at lawlessness here. If the Company can convince the people the Union is wrong, the people will refuse to support the Union as they are now supporting it in North and South St. Louis. If the Union can convince the people that the Company is wrong, the Company's monopoly will not be worth thirty cents in thirty days. Arbitrate, submit the decision to the people, and let the power of American fair-minded public opinion pass upon the decision.

#### A Business Indication

ST. LOUIS drygoodsmen are preparing for the greatest fall trade ever known. Nearly every great house on Washington Avenue has not only its own floors and its outside warehouses packed with goods, but the managers have had to rent new warehouse room. The St. Louis Transfer Company, in order to meet the demands of the drygoodsmen for still more storage room, has acquired four



vast warehouses which are now almost completely filled with goods of all sorts. And the goods continue to come in and the work of finding new storage room continues. That the great establishments should be purchasing so extensively and stocking up so regardless of the expense of carrying stock in a Presidential year, is surely a phenomenon of business. The heads of the dry goods trade say confidently that the fall business is going to be the greatest ever known. They have no fear of a slump. Their confidence, the MIRROR believes, is a more trustworthy sign of the immediate business future than the lugubrious predictions of the "bears" now dominant in the stock markets. There may be hard times and rough sledding ahead for the gamblers, but the prospects for legitimate business in the St. Louis territory, and, inferentially, all over the country, are exceptionally bright.

#### Wealth-Worship in Newspapers

MR. WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR has apologized to Captain Sir Berkeley Milne for saying the latter was an intruder at Mr. Astor's concert; but the Prince of Wales is done with Mr. Astor forever. "Tessie" Oelrichs and "Mamie" Fish, of the Gotham 400, do not speak as they pass by. Mr. Perry Belmont is a devoted husband to his wife, the former Mrs. Sloan, but Mr. O. H. P. Belmont and his wife, the former Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, according to the gossips, do not get along so well. The Elbridge T. Gerrys have been doing astonishing social stunts at Newport in the way of entertaining. An unpleasant family skeleton insists on breaking into the newspapers concerning the Havemeyer family of sugaristocrats. The various Gould families are supposed to be preparing each to outshine the others. John W. Gates, the Steel and Wire magnate, is bucking baccarat for \$80,000 a crack at Paris and his advent has been marked by unexampled prosperity among the cocottes. Ferdinand W. Peck's duds, male and female, connected with the American end of the Paris World's Fair, are in hard luck because their salaries have been cut and their perquisites stopped. Henry Clews' son is going to be married and his daughter exhibits symptoms of a like intention. A Wall street broker named Tewksbury, who dealt only with the 400, has "flown the coop," leaving creditors to mourn. An ex-Cabinet Minister and Standard Oil magnate, is believed to be seriously smitten with a fat prima donna who has, matrimonially, been a case of 1 to 16, during the past twenty years. J. J. Van Alen, the Providence precious, whom Cleveland wanted to make an ambassador, has distinguished himself by quarrelling with the customs officers on his return to Europe. One of the Vanderbilts has been arrested for speeding his automobile. Mrs. Potter Palmer's diamond necklace has been stolen. And these are the things that are of paramount interest to the up-to-date New Yorker. They are more important than political platforms or foreign complications or all the social problems. They are the mental pabulum of the people at the top of American society. Such matters of importance are almost enough to make one turn gratefully to the school of thought headquartered at Lincoln, Nebraska, as the salvation of the country. The Lincoln school of thought is, at least, concerned with ideas, not with the vapidities and rapidities of the swell set. It is little wonder that the great city of New York should be the personal property of a "mug" like Dick Croker, when the matters most interesting to the greater number of people of the city, are such twaddle as has been mentioned concerning people who do nothing and, in the main, do it very badly. However one may feel concerning the great political issues, no one can refuse to admit that there is graver danger to the country in the growth of the habit of taking seriously the wealthy idlers of the Gotham 400 than there is either in Hannacracy or Bryanitis, in imperialism or inflationism. We must admit that the Eastern worship of wealth in the persons of its possessors, is worse for the vanity of the people than hatred of wealth, in the abstract, in the West. The exaltation of wealth in the East is the work, principally, however, of two mobocratic newspapers, the *World* and the *Journal*. They make wealth the test of any per-

son's worthiness as a subject for spreads. They have identified mere money with all sorts of worth. They fulminate against wealth in the editorial columns, and fawn upon and beslaver the wealthy in their news columns, and the result is, that the so-called provincial papers take their cues from these great sheets and spread a gospel of snobbery all over the land. If the dollar is more than the man it is because the newspapers of the *World* and *Journal* type have taught the people to believe so. If Americans are growing as frothy, frivolous and flighty as the French, it is because the newspapers have debauched the public mind by insisting upon the importance of the silly people who have nothing to do but seek pleasure. If we have people in this country who consider themselves an aristocracy, it is because the newspapers have deluded them into that belief by treating them as of importance above the common herd. The newspaper, of the sort that exploits the rich and idle, is the worst influence in American life to-day, for it destroys all sane estimate of character among men and all sense of the sacred reserve of women and it sets up false ideals of the end and aim of life, and it brings the whole philosophy of existence down to the base proposition "put money in thy purse."

#### Catholic Clerics Who Talk Too Much

THE stories that Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, opposed the Papal nomination of Archbishop Keane to the diocese of Dubuque and that Archbishop Katzer is the victim of persecution from Rome, are interesting mainly because of their effect. The Catholic Church must suffer in the estimation of the intelligent faithful as the result of such stories. The Church is supposed to be divinely inspired. The theory of this divine inspiration is shattered when churchmen deliberately tell the newspapers that appointment of eminent ecclesiastics by Rome is the result of much the same sort of scheming and counter-scheming, innuendo and open slander, that is resorted to by practical politicians of the lowest sort in this country, to attain their own purposes or circumvent the ambitions of their rivals. If the enemies of one man can influence the Pope or the friends of another can influence him against the first man by falsehoods, in the matter of an important appointment, it is hard to see how the divine guidance enters into the church's scheme of government. Politics in the church, especially politics of the sort that resorts to lies, is not consistent with divine authority. Lies can have no part in any divinely guided scheme. Yet the friends of Archbishop Katzer say that the friends of Archbishops Keane and Ireland lie about him, and the friends of Archbishops Keane and Ireland say that the opposition lies about them. With lies upon both sides entering somewhat into the final determination of the Pope's mind, it cannot be said for certain that the result is inevitably in accordance with divine truth and right. When church policies are explained by the basest sort of human motives and dictated by the triumph of the baser means of political intrigue, as the Cahensleyites say, on the one hand, and the Americanists say on the other, concerning some recent ecclesiastical elevations, the church becomes, to the mind of the ordinary man, a merely human machine and the vesture of divine authority falls from the acts so accounted for by men of prominence in the church. The church's power has been, for many centuries, unquestioned, because it was believed that the decisions of the head of the church upon all points were not reached wholly by human processes and through the compromise of merely human interests, but were, in some manner not definitely understood, the result of a particular and peculiar dispensation of wisdom upon the head of the Church from the Godhead itself. When priests and bishops and archbishops and cardinals burst into print in these days and explain official acts of the Pope as the result of the same kind of "fine work" that is necessary, sometimes, to get a ward-worker into a soft political berth, the effect upon the reverential attitude of the faithful cannot but be bad. The church, of course, does not claim that the Pope is impeccable, or that he is infallible in matters not of faith, but none the less the

assertion that the Pope is the representative of God upon earth is not made more credible by the utterances of clergymen who insinuate that it is possible for the Pope to be controlled by the wrong side in a contest for appointment to an archiepiscopal see. The Catholic clergy have been talking too much for the good of their church. Their stories of intrigue in the Vatican are more harmful to their church's influence than all the bigoted attacks of their enemies. When the explanation of this archiepiscopal appointment to the see of Dubuque reveals the same sort of practical politics as are illuminated when bosses intrigue against each other at the White House, the masses of Catholics cannot long be expected to regard the Papal choice as worthy of the respect due to an appointment dictated by special wisdom bestowed upon the Supreme Pontiff by the Most High. Catholic churchmen should be muzzled, if the sanctity of the church's decrees is to be maintained before the world. They have been disclosing too much of the church machinery, for the past ten years, in America. If they will not stop their "practical politics" explanations of Papal action they may as well abandon their claim that the church is divinely guided in all things. Telling reporters "what wires were worked" to make this man a bishop or to prevent the making of another man is calculated to destroy the belief of hundreds of thousands of Catholics that no such foul things as greed and hate and envy can be factors in influencing the decision of Christ's vicar on earth.

#### The Goebel Murder Case

MUCH of the evidence in the trial of those accused of the murder of the Kentucky gubernatorial usurper, William Goebel, is startling. It shows how determined were the elected Republican officials to hold their places, if necessary, by intimidation of the Legislature. It shows that men like Powers, Youtsey and others talked big bow-wow talk about killing Goebel, but it has not yet been shown that any of the men who have been indicted for the murder killed the Kentucky Machiavel. There is nothing in the testimony, thus far, strong enough to convict anyone of anything more than angry words in the heat of a great political fight. It seems probable enough that Goebel was killed by a shot fired from the office of the Secretary of State, but there is nothing that points to the identity of the man who fired it. Until that man is produced the country must decline to give much weight to evidence that is devoted to the strange task of convicting accessories without disclosing the principal in the deed. The evidence is all under suspicion by reason of the \$100,000 reward offered for the conviction of Goebel's slayers, and because the witnesses so unanimously know only enough to show that Republican officials talked of murder, but not a single thing about the actual murderer. So far, nothing has been adduced to connect the Republican ex-Secretary of State in any way with the deed on the day it was done. If Powers, Youtsey and others talked so freely about assassination in all parts of the State, it is strange that there is no testimony from those in the plot to the finish. Everybody who has furnished proof against the accused dropped out of the scheme of assassination long before it was put into effect. The proof of determination upon the part of Powers to kill Goebel does not come anywhere near the day on which Goebel was slain, or anywhere near the office from the window of which the shot was fired on that day. The stories of witnesses seem better framed to convict the Republican party, sufficiently to cost it the coming State election, than to reveal the man who planted the steel bullet so scientifically in Mr. Goebel's back. No doubt Goebel was "picked off" by a dead-shot mountaineer, but the indicted Republican officials have not yet been brought into connection with the marksman. However, while the testimony against the defendants in the case has not been of the most convincing sort, the man who has done most to encourage belief that the Republican officials knew all about the assassination is the Republican former Governor Taylor, who is afraid to return to Kentucky and stand trial. Taylor thereby shows himself just about enough of a coward



to make it seem plausible that he should have been identified with the assassination. Taylor's flight is the strongest evidence against the indicted, even though its introduction be not permissible. For the rest, it seems that \$100,000 reward should have produced a better line of proof than has been yet presented, if the end be to convict any person or persons, and not to carry an election for the party to which the murdered man belonged.



#### Robert Browning

PEOPLE literarily inclined will find, in the first of the "Westminster Biographies," the "Life of Robert Browning," by Arthur Waugh, (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston,) a charmingly perspicuous bit of writing. The book is a clear exposition of the poet's exceptionally sincere, strenuous, purposeful career. It shows Browning as a man who found poetry not inconsistent with the interests of a man of the world. He was a poet in whom there was none of the traditional madness. Even the ideal and idyllic love the poet bore his wife, in their perfect marriage, was eminently sane. Mr. Waugh shows the steadiness of Browning's growth in art. He explains, too, the Browning method of interpreting life by analysis of emotions, in which field Browning is second only to Shakespeare. The poet's message is likewise clearly explained as one urging the salvatory influence of simply doing one's best by the best light attainable. Browning believed essentially that the duty of man was to perfect himself as far as possible here, and that the effort would be rewarded somewhere, somehow, in the hereafter. Browning is shown as being, in the highest sense, modern, and withal a man deeply and widely learned and sympathetic, though revealing his sympathy in a detachment of himself from the characters he interpreted. Browning took himself seriously enough, but never too seriously. He worked, but he always enjoyed himself. He was strong in his opinions, but he allowed his wife often to influence him. The world's slowness in recognizing him never caused him to complain, and when fame came the Browning Club had simply filled him with a humorous dread. Mr. Waugh's little biography is marked by an enthusiasm well restrained, and by a quality of criticism which is sound, because it sets up no foolish, arbitrary standard, but accepts the man and his work as they were and are. It can do no one aught but good to read Mr. Waugh upon Browning, and especially his defense to the charge that Browning did not reflect the passing interests of his day, did not sing, as does Mr. Kipling, the topical things about him. Browning, says Mr. Waugh, was concerned not with the petty ephemeral interests of blood or party, but with the broad interests of humanity, with the problems which, in one form or another, confront every man of every civilized race. He did not believe in failure. Failure counted, in his opinion, towards success in the end, to "other heights in other lives, God willing." Persons who have been confused by interpretations of Browning, and few of us have not, will find Mr. Waugh's little work a common-sense corrective of much of the cryptic criticism which has gathered about the poet's work as a reflection of his life.



#### The Irish-American Vote

AND now it is Mr. Patrick Egan who is leading the Irish-American voters "as one man" to the support of Mr. Bryan, just as Mr. Carl Schurz is leading the German-Americans. Wasn't it Mr. Egan who was going to deliver the Irish-American vote to Blaine and elect him in 1884, and didn't he lead them right up against "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion?" Wasn't it Mr. Egan who, as jingoistic Minister to Chile, was supposed to be leading the Irish-Americans to re-elect Harrison in 1892? Was not Mr. Egan one of those who, in 1896, were in secret sympathy with Mr. Bryan against English control of our finances? In none of these cases does it appear that Mr. Egan delivered enough of the Irish-American vote to elect the candidate whose cause he espoused. As a leader, Mr. Egan doesn't seem to lead. Mr. Egan is a clever gentleman, personally, but he does not do the thinking for Irish-Americans. The Irish-American voter is mainly a Demo-

crat, but it is doubtful that he is a Bryan Democrat. If he knows anything about Irish history, he knows Ireland had bitter experience with "clipped coinage." He may be an anti-imperialist and he is an English-hater, but it is conceivable that he may have the gumption to perceive that the greatest possible check upon England as a world-power is the expansion and increased power of the United States.



#### Some Insurance Dangers

THE July issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an article upon "Some Prejudices about Life Assurance," by James W. Alexander, and a careful reading of it will well repay those who carry, or contemplate carrying, insurance. It will also profit some of the vast army of agents to read it. Mr. Alexander's article is commendable first for its argument and warning against the tendency of insurance companies in the direction of offering "privileges" for new business. The rage for giving "inducements" is declared to be dangerous. It is founded upon an unwise optimism, generally speaking. It looks to lower premiums to increase business while maintaining higher interest rates. A smaller business at good premiums and at 3 per cent interest rate is better than a greater business at lower premiums and on a high interest rate that cannot be earned. Again, Mr. Alexander warns against the tendency to increase the amount a company pays back on the policy prematurely surrendered. This encourages withdrawals and every policy-holder retiring undermines business. It is foolish to spend money getting policy-holders in and then to encourage them, by "inducements," to get out. The chief object of life insurance is not to take care of those who abandon their policies at the expense of those who keep them. Evidently, there is much in the contention that companies should not cater, so assiduously as they do, to those who yield to slight money pressure or to selfish desire to use the money for this or that gratification and then abandon their insurance. Such persons prefer their own comfort and ease to that of their wives and children. Mr. Alexander would absolutely prohibit surrender values in cash or limit them to fully paid assurance in proportion to the reserves held against each policy. He suggests that the custom of companies making loans on policies they issue is unwise, in that it tempts men, after inviting them to provide for their families, to mortgage the assurance and so impair the indemnity. All those "popular" things that the companies are doing to get men in and then get them out are, in Mr. Alexander's opinion, unsafe. It is clear that there is great need of some check upon the tendencies to "splurge" at the sacrifice of caution in so many insurance companies at the present time, and there is merit in the suggestion that the National Government should establish an Insurance Department to supervise and control a business in which so much is at stake. Meanwhile, however, the moral for the many is, that they had better be wary of the policy to which are attached the greater number of privileges and inducements, or in which there is looseness in the matter of precautions against extra hazardous risks of the kind constantly increasing in our complex daily life. People who take out life insurance should do more thinking and examining for themselves, and not allow themselves to be carried off their feet by the glib "spiels" of agents.



#### Great Guerrilla Warfare

THE Boers continue to cut Roberts' lines of communication at will. They continue to make captures of goodly numbers of prisoners and stores. They harass the British most effectively in the rear and they evade him in front. They move mighty guns among the hills with ease and their stores do not impede them. No better warfare of it sort was ever seen. Its effectiveness is in its wearing power. Even now the Boer raids are serving to render England harshly critical of "Bobs." The long chase exhausts the nerve and patience of the British army, and the absence of "glory" in the campaign is beginning to make the British count the cost. Besides, England is worried that the Boer can't be finished off and put out of the

way to make ready for events in China. Lord Roberts' slowness is exasperating. Should the slowness continue for any length of time it may be that Lord Roberts will, to an extent, confirm the adage that "South Africa is the grave of military reputations." The Boer is far from subdued, and England appears to have rejoiced too soon over the extinction of the embattled Dutch farmers' republics.



#### Dewey's Opinion

ADMIRAL DEWEY, again denying that he promised the Filipinos independence, declares that it is the country's duty to hold the Philippines and establish stable government there. The Admiral is not much of a consolation to the Democracy these days. He does not favor even an immediate abandonment of the Cubans to their own resources.

Uncle Fuller.



#### THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

SUPPOSITIONS CONCERNING THE WORLD CRISIS.

NO one can tell just what is the situation in China. The dispatches contradict one another at every turn. It seems evident that anarchy exists in the Celestial Kingdom and that a world-crisis has developed there.

From what can be gathered from the most authoritative sources, it seemed likely a few days ago that the uprising of the Boxers, starting in the northern province of Manchuria, spread to all the other provinces, that the central authority of the empire had been somehow seized by Prince Tuan, that the imbecilic Emperor was either dead or dethroned and the Empress, once all powerful, was eclipsed and suppressed by the leaders of the anti-foreign, anti-Christian uprising. In each province the Viceroy thereof seems to be, as we say, acting on his own hook. Just what attitude these Viceroys assume toward the Boxers is not clear, but it is strongly suspected that they incline to join their fortunes with those of Tuan. In Europe there is grave suspicion of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Bismarck, in spite of his professed friendship for foreigners. The diplomats are astonished at the evidences of preparedness among the Boxers. They have Mausers and Krupp cannon. They are fairly well drilled and they fought like fiends at Tien Tsin. This is astonishing, in view of the poor showing made by the Chinese in the war with Japan a few years ago. It is hardly to be believed that the fall of Tien Tsin will stop the insurrection.

The Powers are in a quandary. They do not know whether the Boxers represent the Imperial Government of China, whether they are encouraged and supported by authority, or whether they have overturned all authority. The Chinese are such liars that there is no believing any of them. Therefore, the allies have not declared war on China. To do so would be to make certain the spread of the insurrection. It seems the better plan to make the "concert" one for the suppression of anarchy in the Viceroyalties where it is manifest and, if possible, keep the other provinces quiet. The Powers are not certain as to whom they shall hold responsible. When Li Hung Chang was summoned from Canton to Peking the representatives of the Powers let him go, although they feared much that his departure, in spite of all his fair speech to foreigners, was for the purpose of allying himself with Prince Tuan and the Boxers. It was not understood how Li could have been called to Peking at a time when so little news concerning the fate of the foreigners there had been allowed to leak out. But Li insisted that his summons meant that the central authority wanted him for his pro-foreign sympathies and that it indicated that the Imperial Government was not in sympathy with the uprising. Germany insists it has evidence that Li Hung Chang is in league with the anti-foreign movement. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington, claims that the ministers in Peking are safe, with the exception of Germany's representative, Baron Von Ketteler. Mr. Wu says that the legitimate government of China is in control.

In spite of Mr. Wu's assurances and although there is,



at this writing, a general inclination to believe that the foreigners in Pekin were not all massacred, the situation is still chaotic. It seems clear that the various Viceroys are playing a waiting game. They want to know the situation in the palace at Pekin, and meanwhile they are getting ready—for what? Their troops are all anti-foreign, and if the Boxers seem likely to dominate the situation the Viceroys will side with the anti-foreign movement. Meanwhile, they protest friendship for the foreigners, though they do nothing to suppress Boxer uprisings.

One cannot easily believe the stories of distrust and suspicion between the Powers and yet there is something wrong. Russia's maneuvers are mysterious. She is said to have an understanding with Prince Tuan and to be behind him in stirring up attacks upon the concessions of other nations in China, but the Russians have been attacked by Manchurians, who invaded their territory in the north, at various places, and the reports of siege and slaughter are not indicative of a bogus war. Japan, too, is said not to be acting "on the square" in the concert of the Powers, although the yellow journals do not make it clear why Japan should play false to civilization. Rumors of a Russo-German-French alliance are not authenticated in any manner. It is not unlikely, that, to a great extent, each nation is "playing for its own hand," but it is plain to the most inexperienced observer that the nations cannot afford to continue such a course, if all the Viceroys rally to the Boxer standard. It will take all Christendom to cope with the army that may be raised from among 400,000,000 people, which, at the proportion of one to five, would mean 80,000,000 men. The German idea that each nation shall attend to the affairs in its own "sphere of influence" in China is absurd. It would divide the opposition to the Boxers most hopelessly. The nations must work together or Caucasian civilization will be stamped out in China.

The United States is keeping well out of the muddle of international jealousies, though fully determined, to participate in rigorous methods of pacification if those should be rendered necessary by reason of harm to United States citizens in China. However the European Powers may align themselves the United States cannot take sides with either faction. This country wants peace and stable government, and liberty of trade for all nations in China. If any of its citizens have been injured, this country will exact reparation, when a responsible government shall have been established. If the United States minister is safe this country will co-operate with the Chinese government and block any game for dismemberment of the Empire. This attitude of ours is such as to give effect in the future to our protest against partition of the Empire. Great Britain, too, is believed to oppose dismemberment, and the other Powers would think very seriously before attempting anything that would jeopardize American and British interests or anger the two countries named.

From the confused mass of information and misinformation emanating from China, it is impossible to deduce clear and satisfactory conclusions about anything except that the situation is the beginning of a fight between the East and West. The expansion of Occidental nations has finally awakened an active spirit of nationality in the Chinese. They perceive England, Russia, France, Germany, even little Italy trying to grab slices of their country. They perceive the railroad builder violating the tombs of their worshiped ancestors, and thus insuring to the dead a fate equivalent to the Christian's idea of eternal damnation. They perceive that their rulers have been selling them out to the foreign devils. Their patriotism and their religious emotions are aroused, and they have a recurrence of that courage and savagery which made the ancients fear the Scythians, and the later world shudder at the names of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. They may be backward, stagnated, fossilized in custom, but their national instinct is brought to life in a great upheaval, and the consequences may be of the utmost import to the future of the world. The provinces may be forced into a united Empire. The people, highly imitative as they are, may take up the inven-

tions and methods of the Westerners to fight the Westerners. The great conflict may result in making out of China another progressive Japan. Once the age-long lethargy of the Chinese has been dissipated there is no telling how far their acknowledged subtle intelligence may carry them in advancement in the utilization of the modern forces of national development. This phase of the situation is enough to suggest the thought that the conflict with the Powers of Europe, however it may come, may be the birth of a new China, and that, probably, in some way, China may have something to contribute to the West in the matter of philosophy that may, in time, take captive her conquerors as the genius of Greece took captive Rome.

In the end, Caucasian civilization must prevail, but the problem now is, to bring about a state of order in China. However the European Powers may bicker and dicker they must, eventually, reach an understanding as to the details of the work of reorganizing China. Delay is dangerous, because it is strongly suspected that delay will result in a combination of the Viceroys. Those of the sea-coast provinces are supposed to be friendly to foreigners only because their territories are liable to attack from the navies of the Powers. So long as the Powers are confused by a lack of knowledge as to actual conditions in China, and allow this confusion to prevent their action, the consolidation of the anti-foreign forces will go on, and the longer that consolidation goes on the more difficult will be the task of suppressing the revolutionists.

The United States has been asked to mediate for China with the Powers. This looks as if bad news may be expected from Pekin, and, if so, mediation will fail, for Europe believes the Chinese government encouraged the Boxers. Russia has been attacked, and the German Minister was slain. Mediation may fail under those circumstances.

We must await the truth from Pekin, in the hope that it will be of such a character as to prevent a world war, for it is not likely that Russia and Germany, once in the field, will heed protest from this country or England against their taking territory as compensation. The United States has declared its opposition to dismemberment. Would that attitude compel us to fight those purposing dismemberment?

W. M. R.

## THE JOURNEYMAN TINKER.

[For the MIRROR.]

"HEARTS to mend!" he comes a-crying.

"Broken hearts made whole again!"

Lovelorn lads leave off with sighing,

Maids with hearts near rent in twain

Dry their tears and come a-flying,

Helter-skelter down the lane;

"Hearts to mend!" he comes a-crying,

"Have your hearts made whole again!"

"'Tis no salve of soft compassion—

"Mine is not a tender art;

"Nothing now's so out of fashion

"As a foolish, broken heart.

"So if yours is cracked or blighted,

"Needs a solder or a patch—

"My new method (copyrighted)

"Works with neatness and despatch.

"Not with Cagliostro lotions,

"Charms or philtres—Heavens! no—

"Such romantic, monstrous notions

"Vanished very long ago.

"Listen now to my directions—

"Take a little golden glue,

"Brush away your old affections

"And your heart's as good as new."

"Hearts to mend!" he comes a-crying—

"Pining's out of date and vain,

"Lovers leave your empty sighing—

"Have your hearts made whole again!"

Charles Edward Thomas.

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE LAST OF THE IRISH BARDS.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

(For the MIRROR.)

THE love of poetry is given unto most of the children of men, but the literary concept of the thing is too often a pain and a weariness. The critics and the professors of poetry are evermore bandying their apple of discord. The great public—as the newspapers phrase it—the vulgar many, if you will, are not seldom a unit and cast a single suffrage. The many are in the wrong, of course, but I am not always sure of it. After much critical reading, one recurs with a refreshing sense to those sources of pleasure about which even the critics are agreed that it is not worth while to dispute. The mental ache is gone; the tension of thought which latter-day poetry induces is instantly relieved. There is hardly any artifice in these rhymes; an occasional false quantity does not displease us; the soul-probing casuistry and all the rest of it, are happily absent. Here is passion enough, but of a natural sort, without a damnable complexity of motive and refinements that are super-sexual. Here is patriotism that shames the diluted article of our day. Here is love that does not lack the essentials of human interest because it is pure and Innocence may hold the page, unharmed of any lurking satyr.

It is told of Handel that he once said he would rather have composed the tender melody of "Eileen Aroon" than all the elaborate works of his genius. Simplicity, the first note in nature, is the last result in art. After a strong course of the reigning Muscovite or Slavic fiction, even after the more delicate and artistic pruriencies of the French realists, we think better of *Doctor Primrose*, take down the little volume reverently and follow with a chastened heart the simple fortunes of the good Vicar. And against the judgment of the critics who have in our day discounted Dickens, who have told us that one generation is enough to weep over *Tiny Tim* and *Little Nell*—against this chilling decree may be set the fact—reassuring to some of us who have felt the spell of the wizard—that "David Copperfield" is still the high water mark by which we measure the popular sense of the good, the true and the beautiful in fiction.

In a lately published volume of Irish songs, compiled by Mr. Charles MacCarthy Collins, M. R. I. A.—a gentleman who is too anxious to appear English in his writing and thinking,—the editor makes it a subject of lament that Irish poetry offers "no epics with a trace of the fire of Homer, of the grandeur of Dante, of the majesty of Milton; no descriptive poems like 'Childe Harold,' no satires like the 'Dunciad.'" Truly, I do not think the Irish are greatly to be pitied for their lack of epics. Ancient Irish nomenclature raises such difficulties that the reading of them might be left to the antiquarians. Even the exquisite art of Tennyson does not save the Arthurian legends from pallid.

Merlin, Lancelot, Guinevere and the rest "come like shadows, so depart," with no relation to the living world. If this be poetry—and it would be daring to doubt—we are perhaps unfit for the message. Our ears have not been touched that we may hear, our eyes that we may see. Too easily the fairy gift escapes our gross perception, nor may we follow it with the chastened vision of *Sir Galahad*, as he traces the mystic flight. Only we know, despairing of the beauty and the mystery, that it is lost to us—

Adown dark tides of glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars!

The world is, indeed, greatly blessed with epics which it seldom takes down from the upper shelf. But this is, in a sense, to apply the yard-measure to poetry. A single line becomes unforgettable. A book sinks into oblivion. We have broken with the old gods, who were, perhaps, no great gods after all. There shall be no more epics. For it is now an article of perfect faith that a man shall fittingly waste his whole life, heart, passion, the very inmost flame of him, for some dozen lines of real poetry.

It has been said that Carlyle's "French Revolution" gives the effect of reading history by flashes of lightning. An obscure and genius-cursed Irishman, who walked the streets of Dublin some fifty years ago, does the like for us with his poetry.



Recently a reviewer in the *London Spectator* called James Clarence Mangan the greatest Irish poet of modern times. Comparing the adjective "great" is the idlest occupation of literary criticism. But it is certain that Mangan has done some things which evince extraordinary power and a quality of imagination rare among Irish poets. His poems send you to Irish history, seeking the materials with which he wrought his strange alembic of passion and power. They are alive with the genuine spirit of Celtic patriotism and have that elemental quality which is sure of its effect so long as fire burns. With Mangan, indeed, patriotism is a passionate, present actuality; with Moore too often a graceful reminiscence. What the former lacks in music is more than made up in vigor and earnestness. He is the last of the Irish bards. Had he lived in the sweet time of the gentle Elizabeth, a price would have been set on his head. The Statute of Kilkenny was framed for such as he, and it was with his prototypes in mind that the humane author of "The Faery Queene" advocated the extermination of the whole race of Irish bards.

One should take a course in Irish history—or English history as applied to Ireland—before reading the poems of Clarence Mangan. It is, perhaps, a little troublesome, sympathy with the Irish patriotic idea having fallen off painfully during the past decade; but this poet is well worth your trying to realize his "atmosphere." So, read that saddest of all histories, for the sake of its poetical commentary. Read of the foulest crimes against liberty and humanity that the earth has ever known; read how the cause of Christianity was invoked to destroy a free people; read how the Island of Saints was turned into a vast shambles; how during years of slaughter nor man, nor woman, nor prattling child, nor babe at breast—yes, nor the unconscious life of the womb—was spared by the ruthless invader. Read how the treaty was broken ere the ink could dry; how the fealty of this devoted people to their ancient faith was made the pretext for their utter ruin by the cruel nation which had once held the same faith with them and which still dared to kneel in worship before the same God. Read how the flower of Irish womanhood was driven from the land to a fate worse than death itself in the West Indies; how the strong young men, the best blood of the nation, elected for themselves a perpetual exile rather than look upon the desolation of their country; how the rest might go "to Hell or Connaught," as they choose!

Such is the annulling lapse of time that even Irishmen are now prone to look back upon these things with a calm regard. But that is not the mood to bring to the poetry of Clarence Mangan, whose melancholy genius fed on the wrongs of his beloved Ierne until its one strain was that of vengeance against the hereditary oppressor. It is this unquenchable hatred of the tyrant, this immortal aspiration of the patriot, that finds its freest and noblest utterance in "My Dark Rosaleen," which, if Mangan had written nothing else, would still entitle him to a high place in Ireland's pantheon of glory. To the rhythm of these lines the terrible drama of Irish history unrolls. The nineteenth century gives place to the sixteenth. The O'Neill and the O'Donnell come upon the stage and fight once more their glorious but losing battle. And it requires no stretch of fancy to hear the dauntless Red Hugh himself, in the dread moment of defeat, speaking this message of hope to his unhappy country.

Oh, my Dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope,  
Upon the ocean green;  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

Oh, the Erne shall run red  
With redundancy of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood;  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry,  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
The Judgment hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

I need not here recall the effect of Mangan's fiercely militant verse in the crises of sentiment that led up to the glorious, though defeated, movement of '48. When he is at his best, he typifies and enforces the undying hope of Irish patriotism. He has no idea of placating the alien oppressor or his patronizing descendant. The "sigh of his harp" shall not be "sent o'er the deep," but the fierce note of unconquerable hatred shall be struck for all who care to hear. If he laments at all, it is that the stern fight cannot be fought over again, that vainly he conjures the names and deeds of the hero brave.

The high house of O'Neill  
Is gone down to the dust,  
The O'Brien is clanless and banned:  
And the steel, the red steel,  
May no more be the trust  
Of the faithful and brave in the land!

Patriotism is, in truth, the grand passion of this poet. Unlike most of his rhyming brethren, he has hardly a love song, and what he has is none of his best. Erin is his mistress and, addressing her, as in "Dark Rosaleen," he strikes the highest notes of his harp. Nothing languid or factitious about the sentiment, but an impassioned earnestness that challenges attention even where sympathy is lacking.

No Irish poet rivals Mangan in the use which he has made of the wild romance and legend of his country. It is true his work is but fragmentary—a series of poetical sketches scarcely to be equaled for vivid color and genuine feeling. There is no orderly whole, like the cycle of Arthurian fables that grew into immortal poetic form, under the perfect art of Tennyson—so perfect in nothing as in its patience. Mangan, whose own life was a tragedy, never attempted epic or idyl. Yet the poor hack of the Dublin publishing offices, with his fatal appetite for drink and drugs, was, in original genius, the peer of any man of his time. For genius is a thing which must be gauged by quality rather than quantity of performance; and art is second in order.

Swinburne has said that, judged by episodes solely and not by the whole of any work, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth," is the first of English novelists. In like manner, estimating Mangan by a few poems his rank would be of the highest. But consistent effort and that atmosphere of tranquil thought which matures the fruit of the poetical conception were not for the gifted Irishman. Intervals of study and labor were followed by such squalid dissipation—always accompanied, perhaps often induced, by poverty, which more than once drew him to the verge of starving—that the annals of Grub street might be searched in vain for a story of equal misery. Poor Mangan's feasts were not seldom of the Barmecide order; but, as genius sometimes draws its most precious food from privation and pain, so if our poet had lived a contented, reputable life, he would most probably have made a less durable mark in literature. Assuredly we should not have that fearful poem, "The Nameless One," in which the poet bares his own soul and shows the fiends with which his half-crazed imagination—yet sane enough for the purposes of art—had peopled it. This is not a pose. It is a true confession, as pathetic as ever was penned by a man of genius:

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul of thee.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow  
That no ray lights!

There is a strange likeness between the lives of James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe; but that of the Irishman was one of more unredeemed wretchedness. Some critics have traced a curious identity in the genius of

the men. I shall make bold to hold the Irishman the greater poet. He has less artifice in matching rhymes, but he is less self-conscious and has a far larger share of natural feeling. Mangan's sincerity is his distinguishing note and it is among the rarest of poetic qualities.

Under the Moresque work of the Irish singer, with its rune-like cadences, its haunting strains of elegy and battle, its crooning tenderness or blighting messages of anger, there glows as noble a passion as ever consecrated poet to its theme. Never was crowned monarch better sung than Con of the Hundred Fights; never have heroic valor and devotion received grander tribute than he pays to the knightly Tyrone and the Red Prince of the North, twinned with him in immortal memory.

I have spoken of the fidelity with which Mangan realizes the lurid yet heroic past of Ireland. In this respect, he seems at times the greatest of her poets and the most vivid of her historians. It is impossible that any future Irish poet shall better his work; it is indeed more likely that none will ever approach it. The bardic spirit of ancient Erin breathes in those thrilling songs, though it may be doubted that he owed much to the forgotten minstrels, some of whom he affected to render into an alien tongue.

Mangan rarely sounded the high note that he struck in "Dark Rosaleen;" or perhaps it is truer to say he often essayed, sometimes touched, the note, but the perfection of form, so victorious in the poem cited, failed his hand. Yet "Dark Rosaleen" is not to be accounted the single success of a minor poet. Mangan tells us in one of his poems, with the fine exaggeration of the Celt, that his "veins ran lightning." Thomas Davis, worthy to be ranked with him, speaks of "the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael." Davis, a poet of splendid inspiration, though not a true Celt, exemplifies in his own work the quality which he has so happily characterized. But the palm goes to Mangan. By virtue of his purely Celtic genius,—which so signally discriminates him from the body of Anglo-Irish versifiers and even from most poets of unmixed Irish lineage who have written in the English tongue,—the fame of Clarence Mangan is constantly appreciating. Within a few years there has been witnessed an extraordinary recrudescence of interest in the poor starving, drunken, opium-eating, inspired visionary of the Dublin garrets. It must in fairness be allowed that Mangan stands indebted for his recent great increase of literary reputation to the authority of a small knot of critics in England—where due tribute is always paid to the virtues of an enemy when he is well and surely dead.

## HER REST.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

"DUST to dust," solemnly read the preacher at the verge of the grave. The woman beneath him, under the coffin-lid felt as if she had smiled. "At last," she thought, "he is nearly through and I can rest—at last." She had waited so long for that rest. For so many, many years she had baked and brewed, stitched and nursed, swept and dusted and was so tired, so tired.

It seemed very sweet to know that she had earned a long rest and that very soon everybody would go away and leave her in peaceful silence in the gentle arms of her mother, Earth. Just then the preacher said: "Ashes to ashes!" and a minute after there were strange sounds above her that struck terror to the hearts of the weeping ones around the grave, but were no more to her than the gentle rattle of the door-latch after an unwelcome guest has gone.

It had seemed so strange at first, after the Great Change had come, that others should wait on her, she who had always waited upon everybody else, and almost ludicrous that tears should be shed for her, she who had wept so many in secret for others. But the queerest of all was the funeral sermon; she had never before known what a good woman she was—such a model wife, such a patient mother, such a kind neighbor and friend, in short, such an epitome of all the womanly virtues.

Ah, well, it was all over now. She had only to lie still and hear the grass grow and the snow fall and the rain splash and—rest. For the first time, she had attained the exalted condition of mind superior to matter. She could calmly let that old, worn-out shell of a body go its way through nature's changes without flinching. What in life would



have filled her with horror and disgust in the simple thought now seemed only a trifling episode in the work of Nature's laboratory, not important enough to shrink from.

And at last she was no longer needed; why, even by now the neighbors and friends were talking about their hired girls, or new gowns, or wondering how soon the widower would be consoled. And he—well, it would not be long until another woman would sit in her chair and garner in the harvest of comfort that she had planted in self-denial for so many years, and watered with her tears, those same tears in secret. As to the children—the heart of youth soon rebounds; life would be easier for them because of the toilsome years that had sent her so gladly to this blessed rest. Truly her work was all over; the long seam was stitched and the threads tied, there were no loose ends. And she tried to enjoy her rest.

But she could not; something seemed tugging at her memory, and pulling at the silent shell of what had once been her heart. "Is there no rest even in the grave?" she thought.

And then upon the ear of her soul there smote a tiny wail, and another, and another, and she started in guilt—she had, for the first time since she became a woman forgotten a duty. The baby had slipped out of her mind; the baby to whom she owed this blessed chance for rest. It was the one loose thread in the long seam; the one creature to whom no one else could take her place. The pain of her forgetfulness smote her as the old pain used to strike her physical body; she felt as if she had cried aloud and then shrunk from the sound.

And so, when night came, she sighed a little for the coveted rest that was not yet hers, and softly floated back to the old, familiar home. He was asleep, so were the children—it had been an exhausting day, and a welcome relaxation had come to all. There was a faint scent of tuberose yet in the parlors and hall. As she passed through her bedroom she saw her well-worn thimble on the floor and smiled to herself as she half-stooped with the old, orderly instinct to pick it up and put it in its place in the work-basket. But the tiny wail hurried her on, and she entered the nursery. The nurse, too, was asleep, and the fire was low in the grate; the bottle of food lay, carelessly, just out of reach of the hungry, little mouth, and the cambric-clad shoulders were uncovered, and the restless hands that beat the air in baby impotence were as cold as the mother-hands under the coffin-lid. Then a strange thing happened.

There was not a sound, yet the fire leaped up and glowed as though human hands had tended it; in some way the little lips and bottle met, and soon the little hands were warm and quiet under the blankets, the shoulders tucked in and the wail was stilled. Even the baby slept now. Then the woman looked down upon the form in the crib and a great temptation possessed her. But she fought it down. "Not yet," she thought; "who am I that I should not give you a chance at life? Perhaps it may bring you a great weariness, too, but before one drinks of the lees there are chances that it holds the intoxication of the angels—no, I will let you be." And she went back to her narrow bed—and the baby cried no more that night.

But the next day the wail was in her ears and the same tugging and pulling were busy at her memory and dead heart, and the next day, and the next, and many other days. It was only at night that the cries ceased and that was unnatural, the neighbors said.

There was something uncanny about the child, the nurse declared, and he grew more and more in the likeness of the dead face under the coffin-lid. And he did not thrive in spite of the comfortable nights he enjoyed; he was restless and fretful all day and continually reaching out his hands for somebody or something that nobody else could see.

At last the woman could stand it no longer. "I have done my best," she thought. "I have given him his chance, but he does not want it—he is tired, too, already, and I—I am soul-sick for him—and rest."

So, one night, she and Death, stooped together by the little crib and she held the fluttering hands while the blessed Angel of Rest, whom mistaken mortals call the Destroyer, softly kissed the pale lips and they turned and left together. *The baby cried never again.*

In a day or two they opened the mother's grave and even her casket, and laid the baby on her breast, and some said they saw the woman smile. I know not, but I think it might have been.

Frances Porcher.

## LASCA.

I WANT free life and I want free air;  
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
The crack of the whips like shots in battle,  
The mellow of horns, and hoofs, and heads,  
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;  
The green beneath and the blue above,  
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca! Lasca used to ride  
On a mouse-gray mustang, close to my side,  
With blue *serape* and bright-bellied spur;  
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!  
Little knew she of books or creeds;  
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;  
Little she cared, save to be by my side,  
To ride with me, and ever to ride,  
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.  
She was as bold as the billows that beat,  
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;  
From her little head to her little feet  
She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro  
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,  
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,  
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,  
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.  
She would hunger that I might eat,  
Would take the bite and leave me the sweet;  
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,  
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,  
One Sunday, in San Antonio,  
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,  
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,  
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!  
An inch to the left or an inch to the right,  
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night,  
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound  
Her torn *reboso* about the wound  
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown, a deep, deep brown;  
Her hair was darker than her eye;  
And something in her smile and frown,  
Curled, crimson lip, and instep high,  
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,  
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,  
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,  
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;  
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;  
Forgot the air was close apprest,  
That the Texas north comes sudden and soon,  
In the dead of night or the b'aze of noon;  
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,  
That nothing on earth can stop the flight;  
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,  
Who falls in front of their mad stampede,  
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!  
I spring to my saddle without a word.  
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.  
Away, on a hot chase down the wind,  
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,  
And never was steed so little spared.  
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;  
There was one chance left, and you have but one—  
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;  
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;  
And if the steers, in their frantic course,  
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,  
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye  
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,  
And the open air and the open sky.  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us just as I felt  
For my old six-shooter, behind in my belt.  
Down came the mustang, and down came we,  
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?  
A body that spread itself on my breast,  
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,  
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed;  
Then came thunder in my ears  
As over us surged the sea of steers,  
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,  
And when I could rise  
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,  
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;  
And there she is lying, and no one knows,  
And the summer shines and the winter snows;  
For many a day the flowers have spread  
A pall of petals over her head;  
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,  
And the sly coyote trots here and there,  
And the black snake glides, and glitters, and slides,  
Into the rift in a cotton-wood tree;  
And the buzzard sails on,  
And comes and is gone,

Stately and still like a ship at sea;  
And I wonder why I do not care  
For the things that are like the things that were.  
Does half my heart lie buried there  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

F. Desprez.

## THE BOY AND THE MAN.

A WOMAN'S TRAGICOMEDY OF ONE EVENING.

THE Boy came at 7:30 p. m., and stayed.

I did not want him. I knew that the moment might come when his presence would be positively obnoxious, yet I could not get rid of him. He was well-meaning (in so far as he could be said to have a meaning), light-haired, long-legged.

He sat on the sofa, and put himself into thirty-two distinct attitudes, not one of which was graceful. I could not exactly tell him to go, and anything short of that he disregarded.

He wore a pink-striped waistcoat and a blue tie.

He did not admire me; his idol was in short frocks and fuzzy hair. Other boys worship the seasoned belle, but his taste in enslavers was the only peculiar thing about him. I never cared for the very young attached to me; and the very young despairing for another is even worse.

He did not even talk of Her. I wished he had. I would have sympathized to the best of my power. Presumably, I was too antique in his estimation (I was twenty-seven) to take an interest in such things. He talked of love, to make up for his silence on the nearer subject. I listened and wearied, and took out the fancy work I kept for the boy and never finished.

He spoke with the superior air of one instructing the ignorant. I was, I am afraid, absent-minded, and he languished after awhile.

I offered him sweets, and insulted him into a ruby blush.

After that he stared sadly at me as if he had come for no other purpose than to feast his eyes for one last time on my adored features.

He was very like the immortal *Toots*.

At last the conversation got upon its legs, and, in a rickety fashion, managed to keep moving.

The marriage question (not the improper marriage question) seemed to interest him greatly. He did not ask for my advice, but merely soliloquized at some length. He mentioned the desirability of early marriages; the impossibility of asking a girl to share ten shillings a week; the expense of bringing up a young family; there was the education of the sons and the portion for the daughters.

"You would not educate them?" I inquired, smothering an incipient laugh.

He thought he would let them choose between an education and an income. "Besides, they might marry."

"To be sure," I assented. "And there *might* be grandchildren."

A puzzled look crossed the Boy's face; he had not thought of the grandchildren.

"O, that would be all right," he said, after a short silence.

"A man is only responsible, for his own family. Directly responsible, of course." Here I threaded a needle. "But there is no harm in looking at things from all sides."

However, we had plunged too far into futurity, even for the Boy; he took another bypath from the same thoroughfare.

"I think it very wrong for people to throw obstacles in the way of marriage," he remarked, solemnly.

"But, on the other side," then said I, "it would never do to encourage the thing too much; if the couple quarrelled, they would lay the blame of the position on you."

This was evidently a new idea; he pondered on it some time.

The Man came in, sat down, and waited.

"People might sometimes interfere unintentionally," the Boy said reflectively.

"They might," I agreed—I hope not grimly.

The Man looked at the clock and fidgeted.

"Is that the right time?" he asked.

"Two minutes slow," said the Boy.

"Thanks," said the Man. "I have to catch the 8.35 train."

My needle would not thread. Then I said: "So soon!" and "When do you return?"



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There's Still Time to Secure the Grandest Kind of Bargains.

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Four Elegant White Organdie Suits, with trimmings of white organdie and black juby; waists finely trimmed, tucked and pleated; each suit with drop skirt, ruffle trimmed with lace, Regular \$19.50 suits.

Two Charming White Organdie Suits, handsomely trimmed with Val. lace and insertion; drop skirt, with trimmings of three rows of ruffles; very fine suits and of the regular price of \$20.00.

Two Very Pretty White Organdie Suits, trimmed with five rows of handsome lace and heavy double-faced satin ribbon on waist; skirt with two rows of insertion and two rows of white juby trimming, and pleated ruffle on drop skirt, edged with fine Val. lace. Regular price of these Suits, \$23.50. And

One Magnificent Swiss Dress, beautifully embroidered and waist trimmed with white Valenciennes lace and insertion, lace yoke and silk ribbon; skirt made en train, with one deep flounce. A most beautiful dress, regular price of which was \$29.50. Any of these superb dresses at **\$10.00** Clearing Sale Price of

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A Real Beauty—White Organdie of splendid quality, waist made with large revers, tastefully lace trimmed, sleeves and yoke of insertions and diamond embroidered squares, skirt with three ruffles edged with fine Val. lace; this suit at

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OF THE  
Clearing Sale.

**\$15.00** Only for Choice of  
Any One of These:

One Suit of White Organdie, made with fichu effect in waist, tucked sleeves, with heavy satin ribbon trimmings, and waist trimmed with lace and satin ribbon. Original price of these Suits, \$26.50.

Two Suits of Fine White Organdie, trimmed with elegant quality black lace and insertion; waist with new high collar and turquoise blue velvet ribbon; 3 rows of black lace insertion on skirt. Original price of these Suits, \$27.50.

Three Elegant Suits of Fine Silk Mull, in beautiful colorings and patterns, each one trimmed with fine white lace and 9 rows of insertion on skirt. Dresses identical with these have been offered in this city (but not by us) at \$60.00 each—we sold them for \$33.50—never more—Choice of Any of these Beautiful Dresses in Clearance Sale, **\$15.00** At

One Magnificent Summer Dress at \$20.00

The Original Price Was Just \$40.00.

A pink and black French embroidered Swiss Dress, yoke of lace and white Swiss tucked, trimmed with black and white lace and black velvet Ribbon, skirt trimmed with four flounces of lace and Swiss;

A Real French Swiss Dress and a Gem,  
at Clearing Sale Price of **Twenty Dollars.**

B. NUGENT &amp; BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

"I don't know," he answered. "It depends."

"Don't get fever at the Rock," said the Boy, paternally.

"I have known such lots of fellows go off like you, and they never come back."

"I hope this will be an exception," I said. (O, would no one take the Boy away and bury him?)

"Thank you," said the Man.

The Boy got up—was he going?

He merely looked at a photograph over the mantelpiece and sat down again.

"That is a nice-looking girl," he remarked. "Some people think appearance everything. Now I notice carefully how a girl acts to everybody, and learn her all round, then make up my mind."

"Does it take long?" I inquired (with polite interest, I hope; how I longed to stick my crewel-needle into him).

Is— (the Boy's mind had wandered).

"To learn her all round?"

"Not very long. Of course, it depends —"

The Man, who had been staring at the ceiling, began to hunt savagely through a six months' old magazine.

(Ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting—ting.)

I wished he would go—the Boy I mean; O! I wished. Could one be diplomatic?

"I wonder," I said, "I wonder could you post a letter for me?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Boy. "For the country?"

"Yes, for the country."

(O! my evil star!)

"O! that's all right," he said. "I need not run with it." Then, in an explanatory tone. You see the next post is out to-morrow morning. Any time till ten will do."

My heart sank. The Man, who had looked up hopefully, turned to the frontispiece once more.

If he would—would but absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained, he might stay forever. But the Man was,

by this time, in such a state of nervous irritability as to be incapable of conversation.

His very boots expressed his desire to summarily eject the Boy. How I wish he had!

"Our friend is suffering already from home sickness," said that wretched superfluity.

I laughed the tears into mine eyes, and pricked myself badly.

"Have you seen that sketch?" said the Man at length, handing me the paper. Something on the page, written in pencil, interested me considerably.

"What is that?" asked the Boy, condescendingly.

"Harper's," said the Man.

"Have they changed their cover, then?" he inquired; "it will get mixed with Pearson's."

"It is Pearson's," said the Man; "I made a mistake. What do you think of it?" he turned to me.

"It seems a bit startling?" said the Boy.

I looked up, and my eyes met the Man's.

"Have you a pencil?" I asked courageously. "I should like to mark this."

There was one in his hand. I wrote a tiny note in the margin; only one word, in fact.

"I always annotate books," approved the Boy.

The Man took the magazine, and looked at the page: he looked happier than he had done since his entrance.

"Thank you," he said, so fervently that he aroused the Boy's curiosity.

"May I look?" he asked. "Unless it is poetry."

"It is poetry," said the Man; "the nicest verse I have ever seen."

He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must—"

"Must you?" said the Boy, cheerfully; that's the best of living on the spot, we need never hurry away."

"Have you oiled your door lock?" asked the Man. "It was very stiff when I last tried it!"

I put down my work. "I must see what I can do," I

said; I felt happy enough to laugh. If the Boy would only stay on the sofa he might come again and stay ten hours.

He jumped up. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger hands than yours; I can post that letter besides."

"It is on the hall-table," I told him.

"O, that's all right, I can get it when I go out," he said. "Good-bye,"

He politely waited till his senior had had his innings.

"Till I return, then," said the Man.

"I thought you did not know if you were returning," said the Boy.

"I have made up my mind," he replied. "Good-bye."

They were in the hall. The door opened again, and there was the Man.

"I had to," he said breathlessly, after the first two seconds. "Confound that fellow. Don't mind, dear; they are to last me a long time."

"Mind!"

"Look here, you'll lose that train," said the Boy, opening the door.

The Man had managed to get a good deal out of four seconds, but all the same he swore, and it is odd how it relieved my feelings.

When their steps sounded down the path, I went to the window and raised it; as they passed, the Man tried to look round the Boy, who was between us, but dodged him unsuccessfully. I watched them growing smaller and smaller with the lamps until they were out of sight, then I tore out the page of a magazine, and, carrying it upstairs, locked it into the trinket-box, where it is still.

The Boy was a nice boy, and I could not find it possible to hate him, even though he spoiled the Evening of my life.

I think of it, now that he is stout and fatherly, and in my heart is amusement, exasperation, and something far more bitter.

Because the Man never came back.

Rock-fever killed him. From Black and White.



## SUMMER MUSIC.

At the Cave, Grace Van Studdiford is singing and acting the title-role in Lecocq's "Girofle-Girofla" superbly. Her work in this opera is a revelation to the "regulars" who thought they knew the young prima donna's capabilities as well as her limitations. Mrs. Van Studdiford's evolution from the society amateur singer to the professional operatic prima donna has been gradual but is complete. She seems to have altogether laid aside the shackles of society and plunges heart and soul into her work, and sings and acts with a freedom and vim to which her audiences have been wholly unaccustomed. As *Zerlina*, last week, the handsome soprano showed a distinct advance over previous achievement and, this week, as *Girofle* and *Girofla*, she gives a performance immeasurably superior to anything that she has ever done. Her voice has gained in power and fullness, especially in the medium register, and she uses it with a spirit and freedom which is at times almost electrical in effect. In the drinking song she attacks with absolute ease and directness a brilliant bell-like high "E" flat and, Sunday night, graciously repeated the feat twice before her hearers would be satisfied. Throughout the opera her work, vocally and dramatically, was crisp and clean and fairly bubbling over with spirit. The prima donna has succeeded in putting herself on a more intimate footing with her audiences and they no longer find her cold and unsympathetic. She has by honest effort at last touched the responsive chord in her hearers and, Sunday night, her work was received with the greatest warmth and approval. The drunken scene was especially clever and amusing, without being in any way offensive and the dance dashing and graceful. This is, undoubtedly, the best bill of the season at the Cave and if that brazen-throated tenor could be persuaded to modify his noisy tones in the concerted numbers and that impossible soubrette would keep more in the background there would be no fault to find with the performance.

At the Delmar an up-to-date version of "1492" is found amusing. Sloan again makes the hit of the performance—this time with a tramp specialty. He uses old stuff but it is good stuff and his take off on the serpentine, Spanish and other dances was immensely amusing. Ruth White's voice is in bad shape, but she looks pretty and her interpolated ditty pleased. Clark makes the most of his opportunities as the Royal Treasurer. The chorus has plenty of singing and dancing to do and is effectively costumed. Taking it all in all, "1492," with its old and new gags, original and interpolated music, pretty girls and funny men is a fine summer-night show and one that will amuse more than once.

The Lounger.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

At Uhrig's Cave commencing Sunday, July 27th, the Spencer Opera Company will inaugurate a season of grand opera with Verdi's ever popular and enjoyable masterpiece, "Il Trovatore." Grace Van Studdiford will sing Leonora; Martin Pache, Mauricio; William Wade Henshaw, Count di Luna; Fernando, William Steiger; Inez, Della McNeill; Azucena, Gertrude Lodge, who will make her first appearance in this well known character. Next week "Faust." On Monday, August 13th, Treasurer Al Ahrens will benefit, when an operatic novelty new to the local stage will be produced.

A programme of wonderful excellence is in course of preparation at Forest Park Highlands

for the week of July 29, an all-star bill with many new faces. Papinta, the famous myriad dancer, with new dances, new light effects, new and gorgeous costumes, heads the bill. The eight Cornallas, male and female acrobats, present astonishing feats. Mlle. Troja, one of the handsomest women on the stage, will offer a refined vocal act. Musical Dale will appear with his complex music instruments. The four Juggling Johnsons will recall the closing number of Primrose and Dockstader's big minstrel performance. Jessie Merrilees, a charming soubrette, the Walker Sisters, vocalists and dancers, and John Williams, the equilibrist, are great cards in themselves. In the Annex, mutoscope pictures of the Paris Exposition will be shown instead of Tilles' Marionettes.

Many new faces will be seen at the Suburban next week. A brief first part will be presented by Frank Dumont, Willis P. Sweatman, Carroll Johnson, Fred Warren, Al Blanchard and other favorites. The vaudeville list is headed by Hugh Stanton, assisted by Florence Modena. Querita Vincent, singing and dancing comedienne, Willis Sweatman and others have attractive offerings. The show closes with one of Frank Dumont's funny afterpieces.

At Delmar Garden "1492" will be continued next week. The piece is excellently put on by an excellent company. The interpolation of vaudeville features in the second act is especially interesting. The Midway and the steeplechase are largely patronized, and the afternoon, open-air concerts draw good crowds. The Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday matinees are crushes. Prosperity flourishes at Delmar.

Best watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

## MR. BUTLER FOR CONGRESS.

The *Republic's* cry for a clean nominee for Congress in the Twelfth Missouri District is a protest against the nomination of Mr. James J. Butler, son of Mr. Edward Butler. The *Republic* does not come out flatly, and its protest loses force. It is understood that Mr. Butler will be nominated. The Congressional Committee is for him. It is believed Mr. Butler can be elected because of the connection of the Republican nominee, Mr. Horton, as alleged, with the Transit Company. The *Republic* does not specify wherein Mr. Butler is "unclean" or unfit for the nomination, and it does not admit that the Democratic party owes something to the Butlers. It will be interesting to watch the *Republic* in the event of Mr. Butler's nomination. It will be interesting also to watch the *Post-Dispatch*. Will those papers bolt? Mr. Butler runs the Standard Theater. But the *Republic* prints advertisements of that theater, and so does the *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Butler has sown some "wild oats," but that was a long time ago, and may be forgotten by fair-minded people. Mr. Butler is the boss' boy, but both the *Republic* and *Post-Dispatch* have often supported the boss' man, in the past, without a whimper.

## CHANGE OF BASE.

Mr. J. B. Parkell, for many years advertising agent of the excellently advertised Frisco road, has taken the position of manager of railroad printing with the Woodward & Tiernan Printing Co. The place is one of the most profitable in the West, and requires high ability and pleasant personal qualities, with both of which Mr. Parkell is abundantly endowed. He succeeds to the duties of Col. Charles E. Ware, who made a national reputation for himself in the position. Mr. Parkell's place with the Frisco, under Mr. Bryan Snyder, is taken by Mr. Robert T. Heed, an exceptionally capable young man.

Artistic Cut Glass—Mermod & Jaccard's.



## Why Not Study Art?

If you have the talent, we have the equipment (\$300,000 invested), the teachers and the curriculum to teach it to you. Remuneration for your work gives you the opportunity to continue with your studies. Our department of "Applied Arts" teaches how to get remuneration for your work.

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St. Louis School of Fine Arts, St. Louis, Mo.

## THE MECHANICS' BANK,

Fourth and Pine Streets, St. Louis.

If you intend going to the PARIS EXPOSITION!

Get a Letter of Credit or Travelers' Cheque from us

Safest and Most Convenient Way to Carry Money.

## NEWSPAPER BOYCOTT.

Mr. W. R. Hearst sells his Chicago *American* on the streets of St. Louis, or rather he sells his paper to St. Louis newsboys, who sell it to St. Louisans. The paper is popular. Many are sold. The sales cut into the sales of St. Louis papers.

The St. Louis newspaper publishers have got together and agreed to boycott newsboys who sell Hearst's *American*. If they sell that paper they cannot buy and sell St. Louis papers.

This looks very much like a newspaper trust. It looks like tyranny over the newsboys. It is what it looks. No wonder the papers here are noncommittal as between the Baumhoff boycott of Union men, and the Union men's boycott of Baumhoff cars. They are boycotters themselves, only they are united to crush boys, not men.

Hearst's *American* sells heavily here, because it is an out-and-out Bryan paper. Democrats buy it because the *Republic* and *Post-Dispatch* are only half-heartedly for Democracy. The other papers, except the *Chronicle*, join in, because the rivalry of Hearst's *American*, in this field, threatens to force them to pay better salaries and em-

ploy more men to get out livelier papers. This is the cheapest-salaried newspaper town in the country, and the newspapers wish to keep it so. They can't, if the people get to see the way Mr. Hearst spends money for news. Mr. Hearst should be encouraged in breaking into this field, as his efforts mean better newspapers for St. Louis. There's a great deal wrong with St. Louis newspapers when St. Louis people will buy enough copies of a Chicago paper to make the loss of the pennies so expended felt by the local publications.

No St. Louis papers sell on the streets of Chicago. Few are sold on the streets in Kansas City, though they reach there about the time Chicago papers reach this city. Here even the Cincinnati papers, the worst in the country, are sold in large numbers. What St. Louis needs is more up-to-date-ness in its dailies and less dependence upon, copying from and imitation of New York and Chicago journalistic methods.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Aunt Jo—"And do you help your mother when she is cooking?" Bessie—"Yes'm; I keep out of her way."



SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Yale have gone to Put-in-Bay.

Mrs. Fred Espenchied is visiting friends in Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hirschberg have gone to St. Claire, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sturgeon are voyaging on the Rhine.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster are summering at Manhattan Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick have gone to Magnolia Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Johnson have gone to Williamstown, Mass.

Miss Julia Steer is among the St. Louisans summering at Charlevoix.

Mrs. Theodore Foster is at Atlantic City with her sister, Mrs. Lewis Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Garneau have left for a tour of the Northern resorts.

Mrs. R. H. Shotwell is in Florence, Ala., visiting her mother, Mrs. O'Neal.

Mrs. Hauley Crawford left last Saturday for her cottage at Petosky, Mich.

Mrs. A. H. Handlan and her party will stay for some time at Long Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chauvenet are at their cottage in the Berkshire Hills.

Mrs. E. A. Parker and her daughters have gone to the shores of Lake Erie.

Dr. and Mrs. James Campbell left last week for Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

Miss Alice Urquhart leaves the first of August to visit her sister in Boise, Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Birge and their son have gone to Idaho for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Filley are summering in their cottage at Harbor Point, Mich.

Mrs. Soudard LaMotte and her daughters left last week for the Northern lake resorts.

Misses Gerda and Lillie Luyties have joined a party of friends in the White Mountains.

Col. and Mrs. Vincent Marmaduke will pass the summer at their farm, at Proctor, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Sim Ray are guests at Wequetonsing of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Blossom.

Mrs. W. A. Hardaway, of Locust street, and her little son, have gone to Wequetonsing.

Miss Julia Carroll, formerly of this city, but now of New York, sails next week for Paris.

Mr. R. L. Winter and Mrs. Frank Ross are at Marquette, Mich., on the shores of Superior.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hart and their daughter, Miss Adele Hart, are at present in Paris.

Mrs. George S. Beers and her daughter, Miss Ella Beers, have returned from Atlantic City.

Miss Nathalie Adams will leave this week to visit Miss Alice Meyenburg at Huronia Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Fraley have taken a cottage at one of the resorts on the coast of Maine.

Mrs. A. L. Pollard, recently returned from an Eastern trip, has now gone to Lake Minnetonka.

Friends here have received news of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, who are at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sheppard and their daughter, Miss Louise Sheppard, are at Marquette, Mich.

Mrs. Harvey Mudd left last week with her little son for one of the Massachusetts seacoast resorts.

Mrs. W. G. Moore and her daughter have gone to their ranch out in Montana, to remain until early fall.

Mrs. Paul B. Moore, who spent a few days with St. Louis friends last week, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Highleyman will leave in a few days for New York, to sail August 1st, for Europe.

Miss Effie C. Ramsay, of Springfield, Ill., has returned to her home, after a visit to Mrs. Edward Orr.

Mrs. Frances Beauregard Aglar and Misses Susie and Ruth Slattery have gone to Harbor Point, Mich.

Dr. and Mrs. Casey Witherspoon left on Saturday with Mr. Ferd P. Kaiser, to make him a visit of two weeks.

Miss Grace Bayrd and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bayrd, are among the St. Louisans at Waupaca, Wis.

Dr. and Mrs. I. N. Love have gone to Put-in-Bay, where they have taken apartments at the Hotel Victory.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald O'Reilly, and Miss Florida O'Reilly, will leave on the first of August for Manitou, Col.

Mrs. Harriett Pitman has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. P. D. Cheney, of Jerseyville, Ill.

Mrs. Henry Bond and her two daughters, Misses Irene and Marie Bond, left last week for Macatawa, Mich.

Mrs. Carroll M. Davis and her little son are at Wequetonsing, where they will be joined later by the Dean.

Miss Marie Bauduy, accompanied by her niece, Miss Cadette Ralston, left on Friday last for South Haven, Mich.

Miss Florence Thiel and her sisters, Misses Leonora and Pauline Thiel, are touring the Northern lake resorts.

Mrs. William McKiuley returns the first of August to her home in the West, after a two months' visit to her relatives.

Miss Louise Filley has gone to Kennebunkport, Maine, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Max Kotany, at their cottage.

Mrs. Clyde Erskine, with her daughter, Miss Corinne Erskine, and Mrs. John E. Banker, is located at the Chicago Beach Hotel.

Mrs. Fayette Ewing, with her children, has taken a cottage at Suwanee, Tenn., in the mountains. Dr. Ewing will visit them in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Granger, with their two daughters, Misses Ruth and Helen Granger, have departed for the resorts on the Maine coast.

Mrs. Houston Force, Misses Annie and Delphine Force and Miss Delphine Dalton have left Niagara Falls for a tour of the Northern lake resorts.

Miss Maud Coughlin, who has been the guest of Miss Virginia Hazard, of Webster Groves, will pass the season at Port Huron. Miss Hazard goes with her.

Miss Ella Beers gave a dinner party on Friday last followed by a box party at the Cave. The guests were Miss Anderson and Messrs. Julius Koehler and Alfred Robyn.

Mrs. Charles Palms, of Detroit, has taken a summer place at Coburg, Canada, where she is now entertaining her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh, and Miss Ellen Walsh.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marie Schoenlau, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Schoenlau, to Mr. Otto G. Steiner, of this city. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

Mrs. George Herbert Walker has gone to Kennebunkport, Maine, where she will spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker, and their niece, Miss Mamie Hawkins, are at the same place.

Mrs. William Dittman, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Adele Dittman, sails for Europe Wednesday. Miss Dittman goes chiefly to purchase her trousseau for her marriage to Mr. Phil Becker in the fall.

Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant is entertaining Mrs. Lizzie Wells Jones, of Alexandria, La. Mrs. Valliant and her son, Mr. John Valliant, will shortly visit Mr. and Mrs. Tom Worthington on their Mississippi plantation.

Mr. and Mrs. Barklage left last week for Canada and the Northern lake resorts. Later they will join Mrs. Barklage's parents and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ludwig and Miss Emma Ludwig, at Atlantic City.

Mrs. R. K. Walker left last week for South Haven, Mich., where she will spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Ferd P. Kaiser at their cottage, "The Shanty." She will afterwards go to the Avery Beach Hotel and remain for some weeks.

The ladies of the Order of the Eastern Star will give a lawn party on Thursday, August 2d, on the grounds of the Masonic Home. The object of the entertainment is to raise funds for the entertainment of the Grand Chapter next October.

Mrs. E. C. Rowling, of Charleston, Mo., accompanied by her sister, Miss Riley Stephens, of Boonville, Mo., has gone to Boonville to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Speed Stephens, for several weeks. Miss Stephens has been the guest of her sister in Charleston, Mo.

St. Louis friends have just received news of the marriage of Rev. Albert A. Robertson, formerly of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Evans of Chicago, on Tuesday, June 24th. After a visit to friends in Indiana, they will reside in Peoria, where the groom has charge of the Congregational Church.

The young ladies of the Episcopal Church gave a dinner last Saturday evening, at six o'clock, in the choir room of the church, in honor of their rector, Rev. William Bardens. Among the hostesses were Misses Sara and Mary Gibson, Ella O'Bannon, Millie Johnston, Janet Glass, Alice Dodds, Grace Prothero and Georgie O'Neill.

Now visiting her parents on Sheridan avenue is a society girl who has adopted the name of Jane Oaker for stage purposes. Miss Oaker is the

"Lowest Priced House in America for Fine Goods."

ON BROADWAY,  
Cor. Locust St.

We have JUST RECEIVED something quite new in fine

Cut-Flint Glass  
In Wines, Tumblers  
and Goblets.

Your attention is especially invited to the extremely graceful shapes, and the dainty cutting in what is called the finger flute design. Beautiful as this crystal glassware is, the prices are astonishingly low. Nothing like it has ever been offered.

For instance, we offer one dozen each of Champagnes, Clarets, Wines, Cordials and Tumblers, the entire five dozen, for only,

\$19.50

Mermod & Jaccard's, BROADWAY,  
Cor. Locust St.

Our Collection of fine Cut Glassware is replete with the choicest patterns and choicest productions of the world-famous Libbey and Hawkes Cut-Glass Factories, including a great variety of Stem Ware in all the newest cuts.



Tumbler. Sherry. Champagne. Cordial. Goblet.

Champagne Saucers	Per Dozen, \$1.50
Clarets	" 4.25
Wines	" 3.75
Cordials	" 3.00
Tumblers	" 4.00
Sherries	" 4.00
Tall Ale Glasses	" 4.50
Goblets	" 5.00
Finger Bowls	" 6.00

Mermod & Jaccard's,

daughter of Mr. Christian Peper, Jr., of this city. After graduating at the high school she studied dramatic expression for some years and will be seen this year with the Louis James-Kathryn Kidder combination. Next year she will be with Madame Modjeska and the year after she will "star."

Mrs. O. J. Macaulay of Vernon avenue gave a delightful lawn fete for little folks, last Thursday afternoon, in honor of the birthday of Miss Edna Miller, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Miller. Later an al fresco luncheon was served on the lawn. Among those present were Misses Helen Bannister, Marjory Nichols, Helen Nichols, Harmon Noonan, Frances Tilley, Louise Mudge, Violet Dukes, Meredith M'Carlo, Edna Miller, Masters Andrew Baker, Kenneth Baker, Tommy Crews, Oliver Collins and French Miller.

Miss J. I. Lea,  
Scalp Treatment,  
304 Century Building.

KEEPING HOUSES COOL.

Many people think the best way to keep their houses cool is to throw the doors and windows wide open and invite a draught through rooms and passages. The contrary method is the true one.

The only formula for a cool house, is carefully to exclude the outer air, draw the curtains, shut the inside shutters and close the outside blinds. These latter are indispensable for the perfect accomplishment of our object. For it is a great point to prevent the glass from getting hot; indeed, once it has become heated, there is small chance of bringing down the temperature of a room to where it would have been had the windows been protected early in the morning.

Whether absolute darkness in itself has any real influence in assisting in the maintenance of a low temperature, or whether we only fancy it has from the pleasant relief it affords after the glare of intense sunlight, does not signify. But certain it is that unless you keep a room dark you cannot keep it cool, although there may be no actual rays of the sun penetrating it or any window actually open. Directly the sun begins to decline air may be let in on the northern and eastern sides of the house, and until it rises again windows should be set freely open.

—New York World.

Best Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

BARLEY WATER.

Half a dozen London clubs of importance have complained bitterly that their bar receipts are falling off discouragingly since their members came to accept as the proper beverage for summer what is now the popular London drink. This is made of barley water, properly mixed with lemon, sugar and ice, and it originated in the Guards' clubhouse. Its fame spread from that headquarters and other clubs were not slow in borrowing the recipe. At the St. Louis club the "barley water high-ball" is a compromise between the American drink and the fashionable fad in "dear old London." Barley-water with a stick in it is pronounced not half bad.

Young Mr. Spoonamore:—(who has just been accepted): "But what will your father say, darling? You know he doesn't like me any too well." The Young Woman:—"Well, you can't expect me to use the language in which papa will express himself when he hears of it."

Wife—"Oh, John! I was shopping at Joblotz' to-day, and I saw just the sweetest thing there—" Husband (diplomatically)—"Yes. That's a great scheme of Joblotz to have mirrors all through the store."—Philadelphia Press.

Agreed cheerfully: The Mistress—"Bridget, you must stay until I get another girl." Bridget—"That was my intension, any way. I want her to know the coined ov a woman ye are!"—Bazar.

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Ladies' Tailors and  
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Riding Habits and Bicycle Suits  
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1021 North Vandeventer Avenue,  
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Garments into the Latest Styles.



## HOW WE DIE.

A GERMAN SCIENTIST SAYS ITS EASY.

The Vienne *Neue Freie Presse* recently published an interesting lecture, delivered by Dr. Nothnagel, a great medical authority on the subject of dying. The following translation, of some parts of the lecture, has been made by Mr. Francis A. Huter, for the MIRROR.

"On this side we have the powerful desire to live, and on the other side the necessity of dying. How does nature reconcile the contending forces? She is a most wonderful artist! If we did not interfere with her laws and her working, we would still more realize her power and kindness.

"How do persons die, whose lives have not been cut short by disease or accident? They fall asleep, without pain or struggle, without suffering. The dying Fontenelle was asked: 'How do you feel?' 'I feel nothing,' he replied, 'but I realize that it becomes difficult for me to live further.' When Brillat-Savarin handed a glass of water to a dying ninety-three-year-old relative, she said: 'Accept my thanks for this last service. If you should become as old as I am now, you will learn that death is for us just as useful and necessary as sleep.'

"The physical organs become atrophied; they wither; all functions lose their vitality, and finally the will to live is annihilated. This is the whole secret. This explains why persons that die of old age, fall asleep like a child. In such cases, ethical or religious influences are unnecessary to deprive death of its terror and sting.

"In cases of acute fever, the bacterial, toxic influence produces such a great depression of the nervous system that, be the intellectual power ever so strong, the patient becomes seized with pronounced apathy, and indifference to death. He no longer cares whether he dies or lives, and thinks of dying with the utmost composure. The will to live may be entirely extinguished, as said before, and the physical and psychical end comes without pain.

"In cases of fever, it is the poison in the system that brings about death, and in other cases, it is general atrophy, exhaustion of the system, which diminish the vitality and reflex-power of the brain. The functions become weary, and the enfeebled heart can no longer propel the blood with the former force and rapidity.

"The peacefully dying person gradually loses consciousness; the affections lose their influence; worry and sorrow flee from the tired mind, as well as fear and terror. Even the most sacred feeling of the human heart, love, becomes lost in the dreamless, beneficent state of dying. A very aggravating thought for relations and friends, but a kind gift of nature to humanity.

"This conception of dying cannot be changed by the fact that many persons seem to be struggling in their last moments. The contortions of the body and limbs have no particular significance, even the rattling of the lungs, so horrifying in some cases, does not indicate a condition of suffering and pain.

"In the last moments of life, the dying person is unconscious and apathetic, and unable to receive impressions. And even, where death comes while the mind is fully

conscious, which is very seldom, the cord of life snaps suddenly, heart-failure prevents all possibility of pain and a realization of the impending.

"The hoary, ancient tales of the terror and sufferings of death are passing away. They exist only in the imagination. Death is only horrifying, where it is brought about by torture or fire, through the interference of fellow men. Nature is more kind to her creature. If her workings were not disturbed, she would allow mankind to die of old age. The end would be natural and easy, and as welcome as sleep at night. Even where she is the cause of death, she covers the end with her all-hiding veil, in order to prevent terror and fear in the mind of her trembling creature. Physical dying is not painful; painful only is the psychical fear of death.

"The few elect, the great minds, do not know anything about the terror of dying. Like Socrates, they say, when the end approaches: 'Well, then, Kriton, to your health; if the Gods will it so, be it so.'

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## NEW BOOKS.

"Songs From Father Goose" is a volume in which are reproduced many of Frank Baum's delightful rhymes in modern imitation of Mother Goose and the strikingly clever pictures of W. W. Denslow. The rhymes are set to music by Alberta A. Hall and the music is of exactly that simple form which goes well with such slight verse. It is music written "for the kindergarten, the nursery and the home" and makes no pretensions to anything but slight easily-carried melody. The music has caught on extensively through the publication thereof in musical supplements to the Sunday papers and the young folk are humming it everywhere. This is the final test of the music's merit. It accomplishes the purpose for which it was written—it lodges in the minds of the little people and it sticks on their tongues. The verses have been highly praised for their quaintness and, especially, for their inconsequentiality and applicability to nothing, a quality marked in the original "Rhymes of Mother Goose." The Denslow pictures are unique. The combination of rhyme, picture and music is harmonious. And the publication is a great success. The publishers are the George M. Hill Company of Chicago and New York.

"Jonathan's New Boy" is a political story, or parable rather, in which the evils of imperialism are dilated upon. The hero, Jonathan Bulger, finds a youngster in a basket on his doorstep and decides to adopt it, although the infant is a yellow one. The "New Boy" is named Tag, and is one of a large family. Jonathan himself was the son of John Bullgate

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from whom he had parted in anger some years before and having gone to another country, made a change of name and set up in opposition to the old gentleman. As part of his education the attempt to make Tag wear trousers ends in his castigation and running away to his own people—the Tagals—and thus upsetting his foster parent's benevolent schemes for his civilization. Having taken the advice of his father, first making friends with him, Jonathan decides to shoot Tag and his people, that civilization and good government should follow as a natural sequence. So—we are told "At the present writing mounted Bulgars are ardently chasing Tag through the mountains. Although 'the war is over,' battles occur almost daily and death broods over the islands. . . . Jonathan is an obstinate man and vows that he will make that boy wear those pants yet or die in the attempt. . . . Has civilization toiled upward for thousands of years. . . for this alone?" Of course this points the moral that adorns the tale. The brochure closes with an extremely pessimistic prophecy of the termination of the war with China, in which the Russians are supposed to defeat both John and Jonathan, the transports of the latter coming home loaded with sick and wounded and with holds filled with dead men in coffins. The author, whose pen name is Pythias Damon, has assuredly made a strong case from his point of view and it will, no doubt, please those who are opposed to expansion or imperialism. [T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago. Price 25 cents.]

In "Heroes of Peace," the author, Mr. William Victor Holley, has made a novel on the economic conditions produced by trusts. The scene of the story is a small manufacturing city in the East. John Strong, the hero, is the president of the trades and labor union, but is deposed and driven from membership, because he is opposed to trusts. Befriended in his poverty by Sister Magdalena, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, he is sent to college to study law. His benefactress rejects an offer of marriage from Smart, the villain of the story, and he, in revenge, bribes two men to blow up her father's factory. Strong secures the conviction of the villain, who has meantime become a Senator and is allowed to compromise. The trusts having gradually absorbed all the industrial concerns have formed "The Universal Trust" against which the workingmen, too late, raise the war cry, burn the city and "bring red ruin" on everything. The militia use Gatling guns and the starving people are subdued. Necessarily the purposeful novel must be written from the extremist's basis, and Mr. Holley's is no exception to this general rule. At the same

time the reader will find in "Heroes of Peace" a powerful arraignment of corporate greed. Also trade-unionism does not escape some well-aimed blows for the supineness and carelessness which allow corrupt men to be elected to office. With some drawbacks inherent to new writers, such as forecasting the plot and an inclination to moralize by the way, the book is well worth reading. The author, a St. Louisan, has also written "Missing Link," "Coat of Mail," etc. [The Commercial Publishing Co., St. Louis.]

Mr. William Doxey, the San Francisco man who leaped into fame as publisher of the *Lark* and then had the nerve to ask Mr. Kipling for his autograph for a "pirated" edition of one of the Kipling poems, has transferred his publishing business to New York City and will make his first essay with an edition of the "Rubaiyat" the feature of which will be the illustrations by Florence Lundborg, a California girl. This illustration in line will be interesting in comparison with the work of Vedder. Mr. Doxey's publishing house is at "The Sign of the Lark," 15 East 17th Street, New York.

The Macmillan Co., New York, have a phenomenal number of popular successes running in the book trade now. They are the publishers of "Richard Carvel," "As the Light Led," "Deacon Bradbury," "The Reign of Law," and several other books that have "caught on."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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#### ST. LOUIS AND THE STRIKE.

In an article in the great single tax weekly the *Public*, of Chicago, Gustavus Tuckerman gives his personal impressions of St. Louis and the strike. Some selections will prove interesting:

"St. Louis is not a city, and there are not wanting, among the inhabitants, those who despair of its ever being such. Though possessed of a complete municipal outfit, it is a big overgrown town, given over to blatant boasting of the biggest this, that and the other; utterly devoid of the civic sense; in all but material things (and in very many of these even) about half a century behind any city of its size in the country. Its distinguishing characteristic is individualism run to seed. Its local deity is creature comfort. Of public spirit there is next to none. Approach a typical prominent citizen with a measure purely *pro bono publico*, and he will tilt back in his chair, gaze at you with a half amused, half disgusted expression, and virtually say: 'I am minding my own business. Why don't you mind yours?' Among the many causes assigned in explanation of this local temper, the most reasonable seems to be the climate. From four to six months of combined and continuous humidity and high temperature is apt to be demoralizing anywhere; but particularly so away from the coast with its occasional alleviating sea change. Be that as it may, it was upon such a community, such a conglomeration of individualists, each immersed in his own affairs, that the street railway strike was sprung on the 8th of May last; and, if it be possible for one to regard such occurrence in the light of compulsory education, he would have to hunt far and wide to find a place in sorer need of such a visitation. Whether or no the lesson taught will be retained and heeded remains to be seen. This much is certain; that eyes have been opened, the social conscience has been stirred, men formerly steeped in unthinking self-satisfaction have been made heartily ashamed, not only of their municipal and State governments, but also of themselves as responsible therefor; 'good citizens' who, when the character and franchises of the Transit Company were corruptly procured, thought it none of their business to protest against what everybody in the town knew to be colossal robbery, have, at last, found their tongues."

Mr. Tuckerman believes there will never

be in St. Louis such another strike. The cost has been too great; and "money talks." He thinks that unionism has won. He is also convinced that the strike has taught the people something about the question of franchises and the social results of corporation aggrandizement. Concerning the effects of eliminating the individual element in corporations he says:

"A case in point is that of a St. Louis mercantile house, having a continental reputation. Time was when its founder was its head and heart, when his individuality permeated the whole concern. In was then a happy place in which to work, and dishonesty was practically unknown. It grew and became a corporation or stock company. The head retired: and his successor in authority having but one idea, viz: the indefinite increase of this year's dividends over those of last year, deterioration of the personnel at once set in and proceeded until now the relations between employer and employed and between the employees themselves are such as to give the house the local soubriquet of a 'hell on earth.' This is practically what took place in the case of the railway business and was the radical cause of the strike. Before the consolidation the condition of the employees may not have been—indeed was not—ideal. But the relations between them and the superintendent of the various lines were sufficiently human to have prevented anything like what has recently occurred. It is the independent testimony of individual strikers, that had they been working under their old managers, they would have told the strike movers to 'go to grass,' sooner than follow them. Consolidation, brought about by political jobbery and accompanied by immense watering of stock, meant elimination of soul and degradation of the human. Blind as it doubtless was and absurdly extravagant as the demands with which it opened may have been, the protest made by the strike was natural, human and just."

"In his 'Story of the Strike,' published on June 14, the editor of the MIRROR said: "The strikers were identified with lawlessness chiefly through the incapacity or chicanery or ambition of small politicians. The disgrace of union labor, as of the city of St. Louis and State of Missouri, is due to bad government. Bad government is due to the bad citizenship of good citizens," and he closed with this question: 'When will we all leave off politics and choose our

leaders for character, for calmness, for principle, for common sense?"

His statements are unquestionably true. The most deplorable thing about the whole wretched business, worse than the killings and maimings and the denuding of women—worse because less excusable—was that same 'bad citizenship of good citizens' which lay at the bottom of all else and out of which the whole thing grew. To it is to be traced not merely bad government—government indescribably bad because unfaithful and inefficient, from the occupant of the gubernatorial chair down to the collector of the garbage at the area gate—but also that upon which bad government thrives and propagates itself, viz: the unnatural and irrational connection between public utilities and private corporations, the prostitution of the civic service."



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#### EMERSON'S VIEW OF WORK.

In the English writer Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary, 1886-88," is an Emerson anecdote. It is related that at a breakfast which included Colonel Hay and Frederick Harrison, Mr. Atkinson, "the New England free trader," mentioned that Garfield had told him that the beginning of his intellectual life was a lecture delivered by Emerson at Williamstown, which excited him to the highest possible degree; so much so that when he left the hall and looked at the hill that rises over Williamstown it seemed all in a blaze. He lay awake the whole night, yet the one sentence which had remained in his mind was this: "Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be."



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The Baron's Sons, Maurus Jokai, \$1.20; A New Race Diplomatist, Waterbury, \$1.00; The Strength of Gideon, Dunbar, \$1.00; The Bewitched Fiddle, MacManus, 75c; The Bath Comedy, Agnes and Egerton Castle, \$1.20; Cromwell's Own, Arthur Paterson, \$1.20; The Jimmyjohn Boss, Wirtler, \$1.00; The Meloon Farm, M. L. Poole, \$1.20. A complete line of fine stationery, pocketbooks and Bibles at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Flavilla—"There are only too kinds of bachelors." Myrtilla—"And who are they?" Flavilla—"Those who are too timid to propose, and those who are too courageous."—*Indianapolis Journal*.



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## THE STOCK MARKET.

Taking advantage of better news from China, and misleading and specious statements in reference to the condition and future of the iron and steel industry, the bull cliques succeeded in advancing stock-market values to a moderate extent in the last few days. It was, however, a very glaring fact that the leading stocks, of real investment merit, were laggards in the upward movement, and that the manipulators confined their efforts to low-priced railroad, industrial and traction stocks. The cliques and pools worked on the theory that the lambs would not fail to enter the market as purchasers, if prices should be advanced sufficiently. They also realized that speculative buying would not extend beyond inflated issues, because conservative people, who will not touch anything except meritorious securities, are at present out of the market entirely, and will not again be seen in Wall Street for some months to come. For this reason there was a sharp rise in Sugar, Federal Steel, American Steel & Wire, Tennessee Coal & Iron, American Steel Hoop, Leather, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Manhattan and Metropolitan shares. The various cliques tried every possible means to get the people interested in their rotten specialties, and, as usual, disposed of a large amount of their holdings at top-prices to speculative tenderfeet. That the advance will go much further, is extremely doubtful. The consensus of conservative opinion is that the market will be on the down-grade again in the next two weeks, and that stocks should be sold at any further advance.

The Chinese imbroglio, according to the wiseacres in Wall street, has taken a more favorable turn. Granting that this is the case, why should stocks advance further? They did not decline, when the situation had entered a very acute phase, and it is safe to assume that the change for the better has been entirely discounted. However, there is as yet no reason to speak in an optimistic strain in reference to the troubles in the Celestial empire. It is quite plain to careful political observers that China is undergoing a decided change, politically and economically, and that the powers will have their hands full trying to prevent a momentous upheaval. Speculative markets in Europe take a much more reasonable and very serious view of the situation, as is evidenced by the weakness of securities of all kinds. As matters now stand, and as said in the MIRROR of last week, the Chinese muddle will entail heavy expenditures, and result in a great strain on the financial markets of the world. So much could be inferred from the action of the directors of the Bank of England last week, when they resolved to raise the official rate of discount from 3 to 4 per cent. This action will again intensify the money stringency on the Continent and renew the pull-monk-pull-miller struggle for gold. So far as South Africa is concerned, late developments do not justify the expectation of a speedy resumption of work in the Transvaal gold mines.

The lately current rumors regarding the position of the iron and steel industry are too silly and absurd to deserve serious attention. They were put forth with the sole object of getting the "suckers" to buy steel stocks and of scaring the bears into covering their short lines. It is pretty safe to predict that stocks of this character will sell at lower prices than ever, before the summer is over. There is no reason on earth why anybody should buy them, but plenty

of reason why those who are still holding them, after having bought at high prices, a few months ago, should now make haste and "get out," before the final collapse takes place. That another big cut will be made in steel and iron products in the near future is as certain as that night follows day, and when it is made, there will be sensational developments in Federal Steel, American Steel and Republic Steel & Iron affairs.

While the gross earnings of railroads continue to show gains, the net earnings are steadily falling off, owing to increased cost of operation and cost of railway materials. The monthly statements of the St. Paul, Burlington, Northern Pacific, Rock Island and Union Pacific, will be published within the next ten days, and the bears predict that they will make an unfavorable comparison with the month of June, 1899. For this reason, sales should be made at any further advance, as there is bound to be a decline of from 10 to 15 points before September 1st.

The gyrations in sugar certificates attracted little attention. It is well known that the stock is completely in the control of the Wormser clique, and that to buy the stock at present prices is like playing with dynamite. Well-informed people do not waver in their opinion that the stock is too high, and that it will again sell at less than 100 during the approaching downward movement. There are enticing tales in relation to the big earnings of the American Sugar Refining Co., and visions of increased dividends are floating before the mental eye of friends of the stock. A rude awakening is in store for the gullible.

The continued strength in sterling exchange foreshadows heavy exports of gold. Last week about \$2,500,000 was withdrawn for shipment to Europe, and it is strongly believed that further withdrawals will be made this week. Prominent bank officials predict that we will have to ship more than \$25,000,000 before November 1st. As a result of all this, money rates are slowly hardening, at least for time loans. Prime mercantile paper is now quoted at an advance of one-half per cent. over the rate of a few days ago, and it is logical to assume that call-money rates will also be raised in the near future. It is, therefore, difficult to understand how any decided bull movement can be inaugurated at the present time, especially when it is taken into consideration that the crop-moving season is fast approaching.

Brooklyn Rapid Transit, as predicted in the MIRROR two weeks ago, has again risen to 60, on the announcement that the Coney Island fare case had been decided in favor of the company. At 60, however, there was a tremendous unloading, which caused the stock to drop back to 58 again within the space of a few minutes. It is said that the bull clique intends to put the price still higher; some talk of 70 for the stock, but it is very questionable whether the stock could maintain itself, for any length of time, above 60. As a non-dividend-payer, on which the company earned only about one-half per cent for the last fiscal year, B. R. T. is dear at anything above 40. However, it does not look very safe to sell the stock for short accounts, indiscriminately, at anything below 55. There is a probability that the Metropolitan interests will absorb the property, in case of a big decline. It is alleged that a large block of the stock was sold to the Vanderbilts, some time ago, at around 30.

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CONCERT BY BAFUNNO'S BAND.

Stocks have again drifted into weak hands. The pools have liquidated a large part of their holdings, and a sharp decline will take place at any moment. This view of the situation is confirmed by the sudden advances in stocks that are generally hiding in deserved obscurity, or that are known to be at all times under complete manipulative control. The market may be fairly steady for about a week or ten days longer, but nobody will make a mistake by putting out short lines at present quotations. Conditions, as they now exist, are utterly against the possibility of higher prices. The stock-jobbers may be able to defy them for some time, but cannot defy them permanently. The successful speculator is he who considers all the important factors carefully; who buys, when conditions warrant it, and *vice versa*. There are too many uncertainties in the political and financial situation to warrant increased commitments on the long side of the market.

### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Summer dullness is overshadowing the local security market. Brokers report few orders of importance. What trading there is, seems to be confined to a few bank stocks and street railway issues.

St. Louis Transit is now quoted at 20¾ bid, 21¼ asked; United Railways preferred at 66½ bid, 66¾ asked; the 4 per cent. bonds can be bought at around 85½. There is a fairly good demand for these securities at every little decline. Other street railway issues are neglected, but firm. Suburban is selling at 73¼ and 74, and offerings are very small and scarce; the 5 per cent bonds are selling at 104¾ and interest.

Granite-Bimetallic has improved a little, after its recent sharp slump. It is now selling at 2.20 again, but there is considerable pressure to sell at times. The stock does not act very well. Nettie is quiet and steady.

Third National is firmly held at 145, while 173 is asked for Continental National. For Union Trust stock 227 has been bid lately. There is a downward tendency in some local bank stocks, although it is scarcely perceptible.

St. Louis bank clearances showed a decrease last week. Banks report a good business, however, and are satisfied with the present state of affairs and outlook. Interest rates are quoted at 4 and 6 per cent. Sterling exchange is strong and higher: it is now quoted at 4.88; Berlin is 95½ and and Paris 5.15.

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GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, Prima Donna.

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## IL TROVATORE.

Seats on sale at A. A. Aal's, 515 Locust, and Ostertag Bros., 236 Washington avenue.

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Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

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## Minstrel First Part

WITH

Carroll Johnson, Fred Warren,  
Willis P. Sweatman, Al Blanchard,  
Frank Dumont and other favorites.

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Querita Vincent and others.

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WEEK

THE BIG "1492"

Words by Rabarnet. Music by Carl Pelveger  
SEE THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE  
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Reserved seats at Bollman Bros., 11.0 Olive st.

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#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102	-104
Park 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	113	-115
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 10, 1906	113	-115
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. June 25, 1907	112	-103
" 4	A. O. April 10, 1908	105	-107
" 3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102	-103
" 4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112	-113
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104	-106
" 3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104	-106
" St'r'g 100 4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107	-109
(Gld) 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108	-110
" 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108	-110
" 4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109	-110
" 3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	105	-106
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104	-105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

#### ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A. Feb. 1, 1901	100	-101
" 6	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	106	-108
School 5	F. A. Aug. 1, 1908	100	-102
" 4	A. J. April 1, 1914	102	-105
" 4 5-20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
" 4 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	-105
" 4 15-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
" 4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 - 103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 - 100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	97 - 100
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1923	99 - 100
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	111 - 113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 - 118
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	75 - 96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 5s	1914	100 - 100 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 - 92
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 - 92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 - 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 85

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$30	June, '00, 5 SA	201 - 203
Boatmen's	100	June '00 8 1/2 SA	186 - 190
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 - 150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	171 - 173
Fourth National	100	Nov '00 Sp. c. SA	210 - 215
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 - 159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 - 295
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 - 800
International	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 - 132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 - 110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	401 - 600
Mechanics	100	Apr. 190, 2 qy	200 - 224
Merch.-Laclede	100	June 1901, 1 1/2 qy	150 - 154
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 - 155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1900, 2 1/2 qy	240 - 245
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 - 122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	134 - 136
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 - 100
State National	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	164 - 166
Third National	100	June 1900, 1 1/2 qy	145 - 147

\*Quoted 100 for par.

#### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '99, S.A. 3	145 - 147
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '00, 2 1/2 qy	291 - 293
St. Louis	100	Apr. '00, 1 1/2 qy	215 - 230
Union	100	Nov. '98, 2	225 - 230
Mercantile	100		251 - 253

#### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J. 1912	101 - 103
10-20s 5s	J. & J. 1907	110 - 111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Oct. '93 4	
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 05 - 107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A. 1911	108 - 109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J. 1913	116 - 118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J. 1913	116 - 117
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N. 1896	105 - 126
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D. 1912	98 - 100
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N. 1902	98 - 100
St. L. & E. St. L.	Monthly 2p	
do 1st 6s	J. & J. 1925	103 - 107
St. Louis	Apr. 01 1/2 SA	130 - 150
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N. 1910	100 - 101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J. 1913	100 - 102
St. L. & Sub.		74 - 75
do Con. 5s	F. & A. 1921	104 1/2 - 105 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N. 1914	117 - 120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N. 1916	116 - 117
do Incomes 5s		1914 91 - 95
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N. 1904	106 - 109
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 109 - 111
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A. 1916	107 - 108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D. 1910	100 - 102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D. 1918	128 - 125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J. 1910	103 - 104
United Ry's Pfd.	July '00 1 1/2	66 - 67
" 4 p. c. 50s	J. & J.	85 - 86
St. Louis Transit		20 1/2 - 21

#### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	43 - 44

#### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		12 - 13
" Pfd.	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	57 - 58
Am. Car. Pdry Co	100	July 1900 1/2	15 - 16
" Pfd	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	63 - 64
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 - 141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 - 4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO.	125 - 135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 - 11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900 1/2 MO	125 - 135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		220 - 225
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	45 - 55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10.	103 - 107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	109 - 104
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar., '00, 2 SA	74 - 75
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	98 - 100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		17 - 18
Mo. Edison com.	100		100 - 105
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	180 - 190
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qy 1 1/2	100 - 115
Simmons Hdq Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	135 - 140
Simmons do pf.	100	Feb. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	105 - 135
Simmons do 2 pf.	100		13 - 14
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	June '99 1 1/2 qy	47 - 48
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	23 - 24
St. L. Brew Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	23 - 24
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	30 - 34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '95, 2	2 - 3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900 1 qy	64 - 69
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 - 115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00 qy	230 - 230
Westhaus Brake	50	July 1900, 7 1/2	179 - 180

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Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

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### GEORGIA BANKER'S FAD.

Mr. W. S. Witham, of Georgia, who controls thirty-three banks and cotton mills, and believes that marriage is a good thing for his business, started from Georgia for New York recently on a special train, having as his guests about a score of beautiful young ladies and as many single men chosen from his banks and mills. The avowed purpose of his excursion was to promote flirtations which might lead to marriage among the young people who accompanied him, for he believes that all his cashiers ought to be married, and as a special inducement to the young people he makes it a practice to present a check for five hundred dollars to every man who succeeds in winning the hand of a lady en route. A preacher accompanied the party, and was always ready to be called from his berth at any hour of the night. The promoter of this unique and wonderful matrimonial bureau had, in order to suit all tastes, made it his special business to select for the trip short girls and tall girls, slim girls and plump girls, blonde girls and dark girls, shy girls and spry girls—in fact, he had gone through Georgia from one end to the other and picked for his purpose the fairest flowers of the State. Wherever the train stopped the best hotels were patronized, and the young people were always left to themselves as much as possible. The Chicago *Times-Herald* recommends Mr. Witham's match-making scheme "to thinking people generally, and to capitalists in particular," but thinks certain improvements should be made. For instance, Mr. Witham ought to have added "an orchestra, containing a violin, a flute, a cello, and a harp, to play soul-stirring, dreamy airs. There should have been plenty of poetry aboard, too. There is nothing like poetry to put people in the mood for love. Indeed, it would be well for the Georgia banker to hire a corps of good, willing poets who could produce poetry as the party went along that would be suitable to any occasion or any emergency that might arise. Furthermore, it would be wise to avoid stops at large cities, in which the noise and bustle would be likely to disturb the blissful dreams of the excursionists. Rather let the objective points always be seaside or mountain resorts, where love is in the air."

School-teacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?  
Bobby—"I kin, please." School-teacher—"Well, Bobby?" Bobby—"The home of the swallow is the stummick."—*Tit-Bits.*

### SWELL TIPPLERS.

Commenting on the oft-repeated question whether "society" women drink, a London periodical says, apropos of the popularity of "American bars tended by American women" at several recent charity fetes in London: "I should have thought that every man of any knowledge of what is going on had made up his mind on this point. It is impossible for the average society woman to get through the fatigue of the many functions she has to attend nightly without taking a pick-me-up or two, mostly of an alcoholic description. The suggestion of my contemporary is that the number of pick-me-ups largely exceeds a modest couple, that we really are confronted with the grisly problem that drunkenness, pure and simple, is making its way among the ladies of our most exclusive circles. Well, that is so, only it is not quite the thing to call it drunkenness—which is a condition relegated to the lower orders. There are hundreds of women in society who are prone to indulgence in the delights of alcohol, but they manage their little bouts so well that their husbands do not suspect them. And it is always so easy for a woman to plead a headache and take a long, luxurious 'lie down' until the momentary effect has passed away. It would be rather surprising if these gadding butterflies of fashion did not drink. The drain upon their nervous strength is terrible, and a glass of champagne or a nip of brandy gives weary beauty just the sparkle and momentary brilliance which is needed to carry her through. This is, perhaps, legitimate enough, but we see the other side of the question in fashionable women who have to retire to asylums in order that they may shake off the curse of drink. You will hear that Mrs. A. or Lady B. has started for the Continent—say rather started for Dr. S.-and-So's Home for Inebriates, where, of her own consent, she will spend the year that you believe she is putting in on the Continent. That word 'Continent' is blessedly comprehensive. You would never guess what had happened. Mrs. A. returns from 'Lucerne' or 'Biarritz' in a year's time. She has been living quietly under the doctor's orders, and now is quite restored. The thing is neatly and quietly done and the woman's health and reputation saved."

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector when catechising the Sunday school. "A baby," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

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4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

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## THE CHORISTERS.

There's a little band of singers  
Every evening comes and lingers  
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;  
And with dark they raise their voices,  
While the gathering night rejoices,  
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.  
Then the twinkling stars come out  
To enjoy the merry rout,  
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;  
And the fireflies furnish light,  
That they read their notes aright—  
The katydid, the cricket, and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;  
Through my head their tunes are ringing—  
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;  
Now the katydid and cricket,  
From the deep of yonder thicket;  
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.  
By and by the moon appears,  
As the midnight hour nears,  
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;  
Then the mirth is at its height,  
And they glorify the night—  
The katydid, the cricket, and the frog.

—From the Atlanta Constitution.

## A ROTHSCHILD WILL.

Wealthy men often manage to convert the envy and hatred with which their contemporaries regard them into admiration and respect by the last uses to which they put their riches. "Such a one," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "was the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild. More than the munificence of the late millionaire the spirit of his last will and testament impresses one." The *Figaro* (Paris) gives the following provisions of the will:

"I give and bequeath the interest of \$100,000 to be used for the relief of needy rabbis, priests, or ministers of any denomination in France. I repeat: This money is for Catholics, Israelites, and Protestants alike, and I hope most sincerely that this example of religious toleration may find followers" (December 11, 1890). Another legacy of \$100,000 is left to the prefect of the twentieth arrondissement (ward) for the poor of his ward, without regard to religious or political opinion. The sum of \$30,000 is given to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The society is requested to see to it that animals are not kept in harness when their strength is failing. The Charity Organization of Paris receives \$250,000; the Pasteur Institute \$2,200 a year. A capital of \$500,000 is given for the building and maintenance of a hospital and dispensary for eye diseases, such as Baron Rothschild had already created at Geneva; \$8,000 a year is to be divided 'among forty poor girls who live by the work of their hands.' But it is impossible to mention in a short space all the charities which have been remembered. On the date of his burial \$82,000 was to be divided among the poor of Paris. Characteristic, too, is the following demand: 'Bury me early in the morning. I would disturb as few people as possible in their vocation.'"

—Translation made for the Literary Digest.

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 7c, 5c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322a

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The map in the "Round the World" folder, issued by the New York Central Lines, is an object lesson on the subject of the relations between the railroads and all other commercial interests. It marks an era in the history of the foreign commerce of the United States.

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## Our Great, Grand and Overshadowing Midsummer Sale

### Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Waists and Wrappers.

Ladies' fine Wash Skirts, plain or trimmed. These skirts are in white pique, navy blue duck, linen and corded denims, were \$1.50 to \$2.50, now.....59c

Ladies' white, navy blue and tan French Pique Skirts, handsomely trimmed with braid, were \$3.00, now.....\$1.25

We will put on sale this week a grand lot of Ladies' Cloth Suits, made of the best quality of Homespuns, Serges and Cheviots; colors tan, blue, oxford and gray, these suits were \$18.50 to \$22.50, now.....\$7.50

Fine lot of Ladies' Silk-lined Suits, made of Broadcloth and French Venetian, a grand bargain, were \$37.50 to \$50.00, now.....\$18.50

50 dozen fine Percale Waists, were \$1.00, now.....39c

Ladies' very stylish White Lawn Wrappers, tucked yoke trimmed with embroidery and deep ruffle, skirt made with a deep flounce, our regular \$3.98 Wrapper, now.....\$1.98

### SILKS.

300 pieces of fancy Silks in lengths from 2½ to 3½ yards, sufficient for ladies' waists, sale price now.....49c

Were \$1.00 and \$1.25.

Black figured India Silks, were 89c, now.....69c

44-inch black figured Grenadines, were \$1.25 now.....79c

65 pieces fancy striped Wash Silk, best quality, were 65c, now.....39c

Striped Wash Silks, good styles, were 39c and 49c, now.....25c

### Lace Department.

25 pieces fancy Ribbon Allovers, 9 rows of fine Val. Lace Insertion, and 10 rows of satin ribbon, also fancy wash ribbon and lace All-overs, 8 rows of each; regular price of these goods were \$2.75 and \$3.50 a yard, choice of lot at, a yard.....\$1.00

Only one waist pattern to each customer.

White and Cream Wash Lace Allovers, figured and striped effects, odds and ends, short lengths, from ½ to 3 yards, choice at, a yard.....25c

Cut from 50c and 60c.

### LADIES' NECKWEAR.

Special lot at 25c each. Large Pique (P. K.) Sailor Collar and Bow, twice around polka-dot Windsors; corded silk collar and ties; hemstitched and lace end Mull Ties; narrow and wide lace Scarfs, stock collars and bows, etc., your choice at, each.....25c

Sold elsewhere at 35c to 50c.

### FANS.

Japanese Fans for the million from 5c to 50c each. Special, 100 large size Jap. Fans, lace stick, parchment paper, handsomely decorated, spangled, etc., regular value 25c, 35c and 50c each, choice at.....10c

### Muslin Underwear.

Ladies' Umbrella Skirts, cambric ruffle, trimmed with embroidery and finished with foot ruffle, were \$1.35, now.....\$1.00

Umbrella Skirt, cambric flounce, trimmed with three rows of lace and edge, also foot ruffle, were \$1.85, now.....\$1.50

Fine Cambric Skirt, India linen ruffle, trimmed with two rows of linen lace, clusters of tucks and hemstitching, were \$2.00, now.....\$1.75

Good Muslin Skirt, deep umbrella ruffle, trimmed with ruffle of fine embroidery and tucks, made extra full, were \$2.75, now.....\$2.25

### BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Black Lace Grenadines, were 25c, now.....10c

Black Lawns, lace effects, regular 25c quality, sale price.....10c

All-wool Etimine, were 55c, now.....39c

Just received a few pieces of 52-inch Black Camel Hair Cloth, the latest weave for Ladies' Skirts.

### Lawns and Dimities.

All remnants of Lawns and Dimities, best quality, first-class, now.....7½c

Striped Linen Tissue, were 25c, now.....10c

The greatest bargain of the season, 100 pieces of Lawns, were 15c, now, per yard.....5c

All of our imported French Organdies, were 35c and 39c, now.....19c

### CLOTHING.

Greatly Reduced Prices on all Summer Clothing, these are but a hint of the many Bargains awaiting your inspection.

Young Men's stylish Tweed Suits, sizes 14 to 20 years, newest patterns, correct in every particular, were \$6.50, now.....\$4.25

Boys' Kilt Suits, white duck and fancy colored percales, sizes 2, 2½, 3, were \$1.50 and \$1.75, now.....\$1.25

Boys' Unlaundered White Shirt Waists, sizes 6 to 13 years, were 49c, now.....35c

Boys' light-weight, all-wool Tweed Knee Pants Suits, pants with double seats and knees, were \$2.75, now.....\$1.95

### Clearance of Boys' and Youths' Straw Hats at 29c.

All the finer grades, in the correct braids, with silk trimmings, worth up to \$1.50, absolute choice for.....29c

Cafe on Fifth Floor.

Mail Orders Carefully Filled.

### Men's Furnishings.

Commencing this week our regular July Clearing Sale of Men's Furnishings will be on. The following are only a few of the actual bargains to be had.

### MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Men's extra fine Silk-finished Imported French Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, garment, cut from 75c to.....50c

Men's fine (Way Manufacturing Company's) Silk-finish Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, in brown only, actual value of this garment \$1.00, for this week.....50c

"Scrivens Drawers"—Celebrated Scrivens Elastic Seam Drawers, sizes 30 to 34, for this week, only.....59c

Men's good quality Balbriggan Drawers only, reduced for this week, pair, from 29c to.....15c

### MEN'S SHIRTS.

For this week only we will sell regular 50c Madras Shirts, in sizes 16, 16½, 17, for.....25c

Men's fine Madras Shirts, with separate pair of cuffs, all sizes, reduced for this sale from \$1.25 to.....75c

Men's fine Madras Shirts, celebrated Eagle make, all sizes, reduced for this week from \$1.50 to.....\$1.00

### Window and Door Screens.

The Shankey Adjustable Fly Screens.

Our stock is unbroken—all sizes from 28 inches to 44 inches high and 21 inches to 47 inches wide—of the celebrated Shankey Sliding Screen, that you don't have to remove from window to close the shutters.

Have divided them in two lots. Your choice 39c and 59c—Screens we have sold for 90c.

SPECIAL—Any size 1½-inch thick Door, worth \$1.00, cut to.....59c

85 dozen Adjustable Screens.....19c

### EMBROIDERIES.

100 pieces fine All-over Embroidery, neat and showy open-work patterns, regular value 85c, choice of lot, per yard.....50c

10 pieces fine Lace and Tucked All-overs, 25 rows small tucks and 4 rows fine Valenciennes lace insertion, regular value \$1.00 a yard, sale price, per yard.....69c

Remnants of Lace and Embroidery for almost nothing any day of the week.

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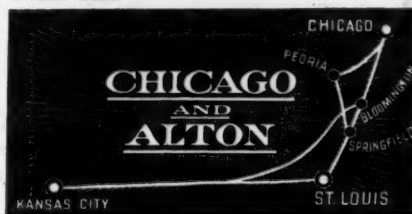
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